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FRANK LESLIE'S
BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.
An Illustrated Journal of Amusement, Adventure, and Instruction.

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## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

### A NEW FEATURE—THREE WEEKLY PRIZES FOR THE BEST DRAWINGS.

WE gave, in a recent number, an outline Drawing Lesson. Some of our readers may have wondered why it was put in. We now give our explanation.

There is no accomplishment which can afford greater pleasure to the young, or become more profitable afterward, than skill in drawing.

The daguerreotype and the photograph give us many pictures, but the artist's hand is required even with them, and there are thousands of cases where the pencil alone can supply what is required.

Drawing is taught in most of our schools, but many pay little attention to it, deeming it of little use. To encourage those who have acquired some proficiency, and to stimulate others to take up the study in earnest and cultivate the talent they possess, we propose to give, for a time, THREE WEEKLY PRIZES FOR THE BEST DRAWING sent in to FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

The drawing is to be sent accompanied by an attestation of the young person's teacher that it is actually the pupil's own work, without outlining or touching up by any other hand.

The first prize, THREE DOLLARS, will be given for the best drawing of the human figure, or the head, torso, arm, hand, foot, etc.

The second prize, TWO DOLLARS, for the best drawing of an animal, the whole figure or the head.

The third prize, ONE DOLLAR, for the best landscape.

Drawings that, in the opinion of the Committee of Judges, possess remarkable merit—and we hope to receive one such each week—will be engraved for FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY, and the name of the artist given.

In order to give time for the first competition, as this feature is introduced for the first time, the prizes will be awarded on the tenth day of November, and after that every week. The successful candidates will be made known in No. 685, which will appear on the 24th of November, and be paid that week, the same as our Round Table prizes.

It is recommended that the sketches be not too large—not to exceed eight inches by ten. They should be sent flat, in an envelope, and not on rollers, which are liable to delay and accident in the mail.

# THE JANITOR'S BOY.

## A STORY OF NEW YORK.

By WILLIAM O. STODDARD

### CHAPTER VIII.

SILE MORGAN had scarcely finished his breakfast the morning after his look at the city when he was informed that "Mr. Hawkins wants to see you, sir. He's waiting in the hall." "What, as early as this? Tell him I'm coming."

The wonder of Phil's early call only lasted, however, to the beginning of his somewhat hurried announcement of the fire, for he, too, had read the morning papers, and was scarcely inclined to be as cool about it as was old Mr. Ponnerby.

To Silas it was something particularly remarkable, especially when Phil added somewhat wild estimates of the vast amount of valuable property destroyed.

"It won't hurt Ponnerby & Co., though," he proudly added. "It's all insured, and they could stand the loss of it if it wasn't."

"Let's hurry down," exclaimed Sile. "Don't let anybody else get there before we do."

Down they went, but somebody else was there before them.

Vandy MacNamara had been there all night.

Not that the Janitor's Boy seemed in any wise excited.

Neither Phil nor Sile could see anything in his looks or manner which indicated a bad night. Vandy's eyes were as bright as if he had slept like a top, and he did not so much as get up from the doorstep he was sitting on when the boys came rushing up.

"Fire? Oh, yes, there was one. Down there a few doors."

"Why, it's burning yet," said Sile.

"Only smoking. Horrible waste of tobacco."

"Tobacco?"

"Yes, bales and bales of it. We saved all there was on the lower floor, but the fire beat us above that."

"Who's us?" inquired Phil Hawkins, a little sharply.

"I and the Fire Department and the Insurance Patrol."

"Now, Vandy! But who discovered the fire first?"

"I did. I was on the roof. I'm waiting, now, for Ponnerby or Dunman, so I can turn the ruins over to them."

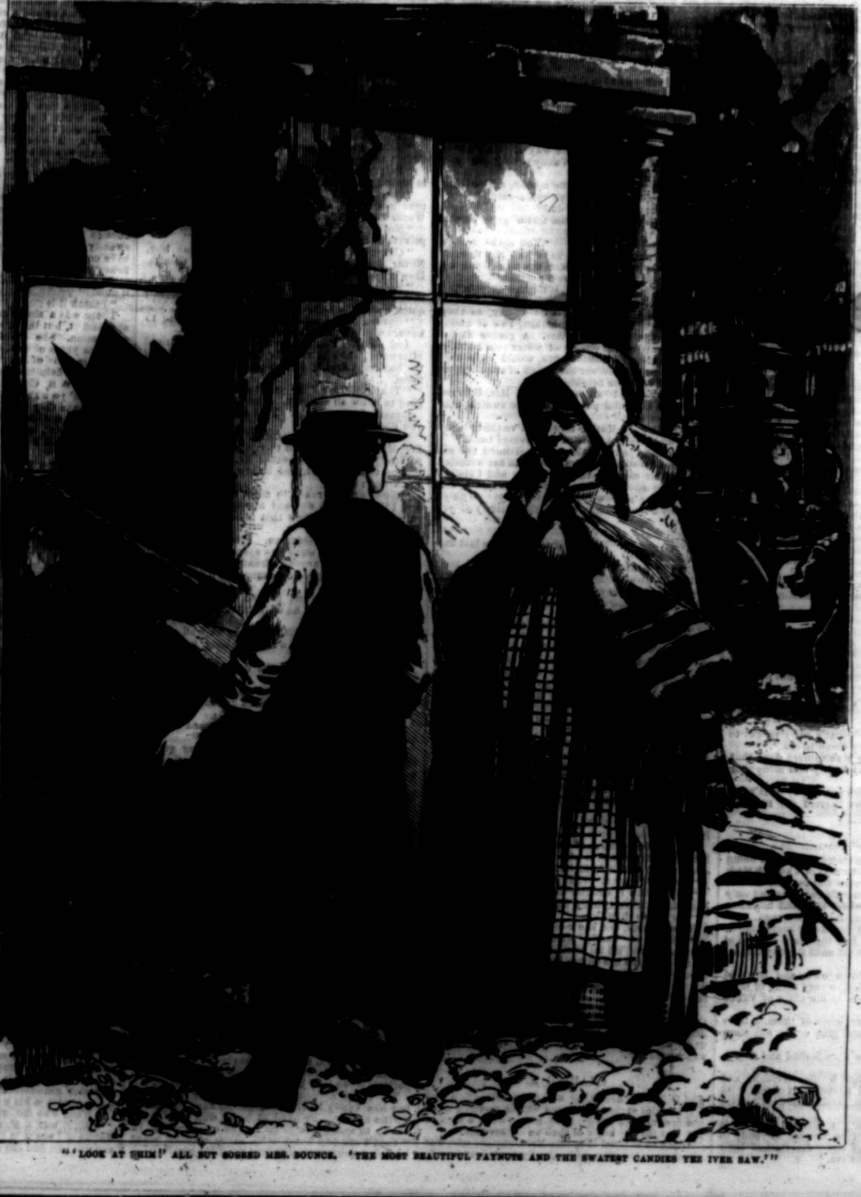
Sile Morgan scarcely waited to listen, for there stood two of those wonderful steam fire-engines, still at work, "flooding" the remains of what had been an unusually fierce and obstinate fire. The buildings on either side, though damaged, had not been more than "scorched." The condition of their contents could only be known on careful inspection.

After all, it was but a small fire for the great city, although a tremendous thing in the eyes of Silas Morgan. He could scarcely take them away from it until Phil Hawkins took him by the arm, exclaiming:

"Come on, Sile. Here is Mr. Dunman."

Sile turned and saw him, and all he saw increased his respect for that admirable man of business.

There was Dunman, talking for a moment with Vandy, and then with two or three well-dressed gentlemen and an officer of the Fire Department, as calm and self-possessed, and smiling as if Ponnerby & Co. were in the hourly habit of having fires. "Insured?" they heard him say. "Yes, very fairly. We shall not lose over ten or twelve thousand, I think. I can have a



"'LOOK AT THIM!' ALL BUT SOBBED MRS. BOUNCE. 'THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PAYNUTS AND THE SWATEST CANDIES YEZ IVER SAW.'"

statement ready by ten o'clock. Our books will show everything. I've not been in the building for some weeks.”

“But what made it burn so very fiercely?” asked the officer.

“Turpentine, crude, and resin. About fifty barrels of each were in the upper loft. Safest place for it, you know. Never any fire or lights up there.”

“But that's where it caught.”

“So they tell me,” quietly remarked Dunman. “I'm quite puzzled. Have you or the police any explanation of it? Nothing incendiary found, is there?”

“Not a thing. That youngster there gave the alarm.”

“Ah, the Janitor's Boy. He's always on the lookout. Sharp boy. Guess we'll have to charge the fire to account of spontaneous combustion.”

And then in another minute, to a “reporter” this time, they heard him say:

“Hurt us? Hurt Ponnerby & Co.? A flea-bite like that? Ask somebody else, my dear fellow. Make our loss ten times as big and ask the banks.”

And Mr. Dunman laughed a laugh so grinningly cheerful, and even merry, that the reporter and the other gentlemen laughed with him.

The insurance companies had nothing whatever to laugh at when Ponnerby & Co.'s “statement” was presented; but even they were glad it was no worse.

As to the question of how the fire kindled in that upper story, all alone by itself, that was a puzzle which nobody quite got at. Even Vandy MacNamara told the insurance men:

“It beats me. Unless I set it afire myself, and I've no sort of recollection of it, if I did.”

Vandy had taken care to have “the first word” with Mr. Dunman, on the latter's arrival, and had added to his account of the fire the fact of the neglected safe.

“You found it unlocked?”

“I did, sir, and I locked it.”

“Haven't told any one?”

“Not a living soul.”

“Don't, then. I'll make it all right with you.”

“I'll not feel that it's all right, sir, till you've examined it and seen that nothing's missing.”

“All right, my boy. If there is I won't say it's your fault.”

“I hope there isn't, then.”

There was a good deal of anxiety in Vandy's face as he spoke, but an idea came to him just then.

Others were crowding around Mr. Dunman, and Vandy saw Phil and Sile hurrying back to Ponnerby & Co's. office. They were scarcely there before he was, and he followed them into the back room.

“What is it, Vandy?” asked Phil.

“It's been a rough night all round,” said Vandy. “I'd like to have you look at everything to see if it's all right. Maybe the safes have been fooled with.”

Phil tried them one after another very rapidly.

“They're all right and tight, Vandy. I haven't the combinations of the two small ones, but I can open the big one and get the books out.”

“Please do it, then. Seems to me nothing's been moved around the office; you can tell.”

“Not a thing,” said Phil, as he worked at the lock, and the moment the safe door swung open he added, “All right. Just as I put them away.”

Vandy was satisfied, but he felt better when Mr. Dunman came in and tried the door of his own safe. There were two good witnesses, now, to the fact that he found it locked, if that was of any value to Vandy.

Perhaps it was not, but then Vandy MacNamara was a boy who thought more than most youngsters know how to think.

Mr. Dunman gave a quick, sharp, searching glance at the interior of his safe, and then, instead of taking anything out, he put something in.

It was the large wallet he had so nearly lost to the little hook-nosed pickpocket the night before. Even Sile Morgan's eyes caught that, quickly as the safe was shut upon it.

“Vandy,” said Dunman, as he stepped out of the room, “come this way.”

“Is it all right, sir?” he asked, as soon as they were in the large room, out of hearing.

“All right, my boy. But they say you discovered the fire. Have you any idea how it caught?”

“Not a one. But the door into the third loft of the building, this way, was locked on this side. It used to be locked on the other. It's all warped with the heat now. Nearly burned through.”

Mr. Dunman eyed him very keenly while he was talking, but Vandy's sober face had nothing in it.

“All right, Vandy.”

“There's one thing more, sir.”

“What's that?”

“There was talk on the street, yesterday afternoon, about Vance & Madderly. I heard say there would be a run on 'em to-day.”

“Never mind. That check took me out of their hands, all but a trifle. They may bust now, for all I care.”

“That's what they'll do, sir, if the talk comes to anything.”

“Keep your own counsel, that's all I've got to say. If you want any money come to me.”

What on earth had Vandy MacNamara done that Mr. Dunham should be ready to pay him money for it?

The question was one which seemed to puzzle the Janitor's Boy himself, as he hurried out into the street.

## CHAPTER IX.

A GREAT concern, for it came very near being “great” in its way, like that of Vance & Madderly, had accounts with more banks than one, of course, and Vandy MacNamara's cuteness had only cleaned out the one spot where they had hoped to save some little ready money from the wreck.

It is quite likely they had put away something in some other place, as well, but the main current of their affairs had gone right on until the day following the fire.

Then, as men came down-town and business began, it was a little odd that so very many of them called at or sent messengers to the office of Vance & Madderly.

The faces carried in were, some of them, a little anxious-looking. The faces that came out were none of them smiling.

Some were gloomy, some were flushed and angry, some were pale.

A crowd began to gather by nine o'clock, and then a clerk came out and pasted a bit of paper on the outer door and went in, closing the door behind him.

Vance & Madderly had “suspended,” as it is called, and it would be of no use for anybody to try to see them until they had “ascertained their precise condition and liabilities.”

Just as if they did not know already that they could not pay five cents on a dollar of their unsecured debts.

Still, “shutting up” was a good way to avoid hearing a torrent of unpleasant remarks, for men are never pleased to find that they have lost their money.

“Pound it down a rat-hole again,” as one fat gentleman expressed it. And then he wheeled around as he heard a sort of wail at his elbow.

“You here, Mrs. Bounce? Sorry for 'em, are you? Well, then, cry for me a quarter's worth. I'm out for a pile.”

“So am I, sor,” came with another doleful wail from the withered but vigorous-looking old woman before him. “Sure and they had me fortin' in their kape, the bloody villains!”

“Your fortune? My dear Mrs. Bounce,” exclaimed the fat man, “have peanuts and apples come to this?”

“More nor a thousand dollars, sor, let alone me intherest and me profits. It's all in there, sor.”

“Whew!” whistled the fat man, “and I followed your example, did I? I'm sorry——”

But just then a dapper young man touched his elbow and he turned away.

Mrs. Bounce was in the act of throwing her checked apron over another and louder wail, when the voice of Vandy MacNamara sounded in her ear from behind.

“Got bit, did ye, Mother Bounce? Come along, then. Don't stay here to be laughed at. Come with me.”

“Is it laughin' at me they'd be, the ruffians?” exclaimed the old woman, dropping her apron to show a face colored more by wrath than sorrow for the moment. “I'd loike——”

“Come along! come along! Did ye lose much by 'em?”

“Did I, indeed?” she said, dolefully, as she yielded to Vandy's pull and persuasion. “I did that, me b'ye. And, more by token, the firemen upset me sthand, and there's more nor two bushels of beautiful paynuts in the gutther, let alone the apples. Thim's mostly wiped now, bliss the saints, but the rest's gone, and all me money and me profits and me intherest, and there's me darther sick at home, an' me rint dhue, and I'm a pore, lone widdy woman. Oh, the day!”

Her tongue had run on till her breath failed her, but she had walked pretty fast, with Vandy to pull, and they were now approaching the corner of Otter Street.

“Hush, will you?” said Vandy. “Do you want a crowd? How much is your rent?”

A crowd and a chance to tell them her story was one thing Mrs. Bounce may have been wishing for, but she answered Vandy's question.

“Twinty dollars; and there's me apple-sthand bruk, and who'll put me in the way of filling it?”

“Oh, hush,” exclaimed Vandy; “I'll see you through.”

“You? Wud ye lind me the money, a b'ye loike yez? Where'd ye go for it, ye rattle-thrap?”

“Will ye pay me back if I do?”

“Wull I pay yez? Wid me fortin' gone on the sthreet?”

“Humbug,” said Vandy. “You make money fast enough, or you'd never have had any to lose. I'll go twenty for the rent and ten to set you up again, but you must make me a partner.”

“A partner, is it? Faith, it'll take more'n ten dollars for that. Little ye know.”

“Yes, but I do, though,” said Vandy, as they drew near a somewhat dingy-looking row of buildings below the corner of Otter. A glance at the gutter, in spite of the stream of water now running through it from the flooded fire, would have suggested to a keen observer the wreck of some apple-stand or other in the neighborhood.

“Look at thim!” all but sobbed Mrs. Bounce. “The most beautiful paynuts and the swatest candies yez iver saw.”

“I'll go twenty, Mother Bounce. I've thirty in my pocket, and I've got more in the savings bank.”

“Is it truth ye're spaking?” exclaimed the old woman, with a sudden gleam of light on her wrinkled and not over clean features. “Sure and I always had a wake spot for yez, Vandy MacNamara, and I've no son of me own, more's the pity. Wud ye raally hilp a lone woman wid all that money of yer own?”

“I will that,” said Vandy.

“Thin go for it. Ye'll niver repint to the last day of yer loife.”

“Do you want it this morning?”

“Roight away, darlin'. Don't waste any time. Sure it's losin' money I am, shtayin' out o' business this foine day, and all the worruld wantin' to buy paynuts.”

Vandy left her, almost on a run, and she stood for a moment looking after him.

“He's the foine b'ye. But what med me take him up? Sure and I've no nade to borry of the loikes of him. Borry? It's a partner he'd be. Let him, thin. He'll not know. I've no b'ye of me own. And there's pore Clip. I must luk to her the now.”

Just then a rough-looking fellow, in a sort of half-way sailor's dress, stopped and leaned surlily toward her with the remark:

“They're all in the top entry, Mother Bounce.”

“How many?”

“Three bags. Fresh and good. Best you ever saw.”

“Wait till I see thim.”

“Can't do it. All I want is three dollars. That's little enough.”

“An' take yer wurrud for it? But I'll do it, thin. It wud be a bad day for you to chate me.”

Her hand had already been busy in the folds of her sordid dress, and it was marvelous how quickly she glanced at and handed over a couple of notes.

“Two and a wan. That's it.”

“All right. It's better than coming. I put the bags in while everybody was busy at the fire.”

“I'll see to thim.”

He was gone, and she went on muttering:

“What wud Vandy MacNamara say to that? Niver a worrud'll I till him. I bought 'em honestly, that did I. It's not for me to know where they kem from. Cocoanuts is riz on the market. Oh, me! It's well aday for me money wid thim broker villains.”

Meantime her slipshod feet had brought her to the bottom of a rickety flight of stairs in one of the dingy old wooden buildings, and up this she suddenly disappeared, as if the dirty entry-way had swallowed her.

## CHAPTER X.

OLD Mr. Ponnerby did not reach his office five minutes earlier than usual on the morning after the fire, nor did his grim, keen face offer a sign of the fact that he knew of such an occurrence.

When he entered the office Mr. Dunman, who was standing at the high desk, quietly turned and said:

“Good-morning, Mr. Ponnerby. Here it is.”

“Is it? eh? Well, what is it?”

“Why, our statement, of course. Contents of building. Storages, removals, values, net result. Here are the insurances.”

“All good?”

“Every dollar of them.”

“What's our loss?”

“Ten—five—forty-five and a half, all deductions off.”

“Ten thousand five hundred and forty-five dollars and fifty cents gone to blazes, eh? A little more insurance would have fixed that. Now, Mr. Dunman, the next time I urge the subject of insurance upon you, I sincerely hope——”

Could it be possible that those two men were laughing in one another's faces with a blister like that fresh upon them?

So they were, but Mr. Ponnerby very quickly recovered his sternness and went on with:

“Heavy loss, Mr. Dunman. We must make it up. Cut down our expenses. What do we pay those two idle young fellows? Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Morgan, this way.”

Phil came forward with all his usual self-possession, but Silas was aware of a queer feeling under his waistband.

“Well, sir,” said Mr. Ponnerby, as the new boy stood in silent expectation before him, “I'm sorry for you, but these are hard times, and a fire is a bad thing, eh? Let me see. We were to pay you eight dollars a week. High price. How is it, Dunman? won't two dollars—— Hullo, young man, what have you done with all your hair? It won't do, Dunman. He's sheared close enough. Nothing short of a fire could have stripped his head any cleaner.”

“I should say not.”

“Let him go this time, then. It's all right, Silas, but if we have any more fires—— Philip Hawkins, you are looking too pleasant altogether. We had a bad fire last night, sir.”

In a few moments more both of the boys were out on errands, and Mr. Ponnerby turned to his junior partner again with: “Hadn't we held that tobacco about long enough?”

“I think so; but we lose enough on the cotton to about balance it. We're even with the underwriters.”

“This time, you mean. But where are all the premiums I've paid them all these years?”

“Gone to smoke, sir.”

“Like our tobacco. Well, nobody has injured his health with this pipeful, anyhow, eh?”

And both Mr. Ponnerby and his partner seemed disposed to take a cheerful view of things, although Mr. Dunman was the quieter of the two.

Possibly he may have had reasons of his own for not considering the fire a calamity and for keeping the fact to himself.

“Didn't I see a crowd in front of Vance & Madderly's as I came by, eh?” asked Mr. Ponnerby.

“Think likely,” said Dunman, as he turned a leaf in his ledger. “They've gone to pieces.”

“Gone up, eh? Stocks, and all that? Our business has its risks, Dunman, but we don't gamble. Worse than fires, eh? No sort of insurance.”

“Not a bit. Vance owes me a few hundred on private account. Can I sell you the claim?”

“Charge it to profit and loss, my dear boy. Never knew you to lend money before, though. How's that?”

“Balance on some bonds I purchased through them. Got the bonds in the safe, there, but wasn't quick enough in getting the rest.”

“Government bonds, eh? That's the thing to have. Well you didn't lose any more.”

And old Mr. Ponnerby was in no way surprised afterward, when he read the list of the creditors of the bankrupt firm, to find his partner's name among them.

“That's nothing,” he said to himself, “but I'm glad to know all about it. I might have suspected Dunman of speculating. That wouldn't do for us, you know, eh?”

On that particular morning, the one after the fire, Mr. Dunman seemed to work at his books and papers just as well, whether Mr. Ponnerby were talking to him or not, and before a great while he remarked:

“Now, sir, I'm ready to meet the underwriters, and I think I'll go out and attend to some of our other matters. There's that affair at the Custom House, you know.”

“Go right along, Dunman. I'll stay here till you get back. Maybe some newspaper men'll call.”

“Been a dozen around already. They know all they want, and a good deal more. I'll not be gone long.”

He took his hat and walked out, but when he reached the sidewalk he whistled in vain for Vandy MacNamara.

“Off somewhere. Well, it'll do as well when I get back. Things are working nicely for me today.”

So it would seem, and the day before, too, and all night long.

He had escaped damage from a failure, a pickpocket and a fire, although each one seemed to get pretty close to him.

But, then, men do not always know when they are hurt the worst, and that's the pity of it.

As for Vandy MacNamara, that young gentleman had left Mrs. Bounce in what might fairly have been called “a state of mind.”

There was nothing impulsive about Vandy, although he had any amount of real kindness of heart.

“Help her?” he said to himself. “Of course I'd help her if she needed any. What in all the world does the old woman sham poor for? To me, too, when I've known her from the time I bought my first peanuts of her. Many's the stick of candy she gave me in those days. But isn't she queer? I've known her go down to the wharf and buy a whole cargo of pineapples, and pay for them money down. I know what she sold 'em for, too, and I didn't see how she made any money on it.”

That was not the only puzzling thing he could remember about old Mother Bounce, but he was very sure she made money, on the whole, and he had seized what seemed a “business opportunity for a man with a small capital,” with a promptness and energy which did him credit.

How was a boy like Vandy to have thought of finding out just how many pineapples Mrs. Bounce had bought in that cargo, and how many she had sold from it?—that is, that, to all appearances, came from it.

Perhaps she could have told him if she would. But she wouldn't, not him or anybody.

Some people are above counting pineapples, especially when they buy them a cargo at a time.

There was nothing remarkable in the fact that a boy like Vandy MacNamara should have picked up a little money. He lived at home, and had no occasion to spend much, for, as he expressed it, he “hadn't one bad habit to his name, unless it might be doing more work than was good for him.”

He earned odd quarters, and even dollars, all the while, especially from Mr. Dunman, although he had never before had a great windfall of twenty at a time, less seven and a half of his own investment.

Perhaps he would not have been so prompt with Mrs. Bounce but for that sudden accession of wealth burning in his pocket.

His errand now was to the savings bank, after the first money he had ever drawn, and he scarcely liked it. The little account had gone on, steadily accumulating, for more than three years, and even his parents had never inquired the size of it.

Perhaps that was because he did so much of their work for them, and perhaps it was because they were careful people themselves, and never spent all they earned. That is one way to avoid being anxious about the money affairs of other people.

Be that as it may, Vandy screwed his courage up to the sticking point and drew his money. Only just the ten dollars he needed, for he said to himself:

“Rather than pull out any more I'll go to Dunman. There's nigh two hundred left, and I may need that for some other operation. No janitor business for me any longer than I can help. It's too risky, with careless men and their safes all around, and fires coming, and all that sort of thing. Apples and peanuts and candy are safer, even if they do get tipped into the gutter now and then.”

## CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Mother Bounce darted so suddenly into the narrow entry, she found a door on her right that would have led her into the back room of a low drinking saloon, frequented by seafaring men and dock-loafers, and the door like it on her left opened into quarters scarcely better; but right in front of her was a steep and narrow flight of stairs, and up those she went with a speed which told well for her training.

Old and withered she was, but not feeble yet, in spite of many a rainy day behind her apple-stand, and many a rough jolt she had had in her long journey of life.

Then another flight of stairs and a narrow, gloomy passage, but at the end of that she opened a door through which there came a flood of sunshine, a burst of music and a cheery, mellow voice.

The sunshine came from well-washed windows, neatly curtained, and it shone across a carpeted floor and over furniture in a good state of preservation, only that a too careful observer might have wondered how all those incongruous articles came to scrape acquaintance with one another. The sofa was short, pudgy, very comfortable, and nearly new, but no two of the chairs were of the same pattern, while the very best bore marks strongly suggestive of the cabins of steamers or the parlors of hotels. It was little that Mrs. Bounce cared where they came from. She had “bought and paid for ivery wan of thim.”

The music came from a mocking-bird, swinging in an unusually elegant cage, and seeming to consider himself as much of a feathered orchestra as if he were exhibiting in a palace. Well he might, for the room was good enough for him if it was good enough for the owner of the voice which said, so sweetly: “Is that you, grandma? I'm so glad you have come. The doctor's been here and he wanted to see you.”

“An', darlin', what did he tell you to-day? Was it good?”

“I think it is good, grandma.”

There was a shade on the bright, pretty face as she said it, but the lips wore a very brave sort of expression. She could not have been more than fourteen years of age, and she looked a picture of health, in spite of her reclining chair and other indications of helplessness.

“What is it, Clip, darlin'? Are they talkin' of murtherin' ye wance more?”

“He says they have consulted, and they think I must have another operation on my poor leg.”

“Oh, darlin', to think of it! And you so good an' pashint wid it all. Is it any good in the blessed worruld?”

“He says it will be. He says if it all works well I'll have as good a leg as the other, only I may limp a little.”

“Dear! Dear! And it's all along o' thim railroads. Don't I wish they might limp for it instead of yer own swate silf!”

“He'll come again day after to-morrow, and bring the other doctor with him.”

“Wull he? I belave he's a good one. There's only wan thing I'd like to see limp worse than a railroad, the day.”

“What's that, grandma.”

“It's a sthock-broker, thin; but I'll not throuble yer curly head wid business. Only hark to the bird. What a throat he's got of his own!”

“Oh, grandma, have you had any trouble? And I'm costing you so much money!”

“Whisht, darlin.' What's an old woman loike me, wid no one but yerself to care for? And mebbe there's wan more.”

“Who's that, grandma?”

“Niver moind, darlin'. It's a friend I found the day. Sure an' I didn't know I had wan, but young hearts is open hearts, and old ones don't always kape as shut as is good for 'em. There's thim as wud laugh to hear of Mother Bounce havin' a heart to her share.”

“Now, grandma!”

There was a caressing tone in the full, rich, loving utterance, and the mocking-bird burst at once into a desperate gush of melody, as if he were jealous of it.

Mother Bounce made no reply, but she bustled about the room as if she were putting things to rights, although not even the doctor's visit had disturbed its perfect neatness.

Mother Bounce was scarcely the same person in the sick-room of her granddaughter that she had appeared before she dodged out of the street below.

“Clip!”

“Grandma?”

“Have you plenty of buks and things?”

“More books than I can read, grandma. I've been sewing all the morning.”

“What for, thin? Ye'll not be in nade of that the now.”

“But I can't read all the time. I must do some work.”

“Whin ye git well, thin. Oh, but it's not here ye'll be sthayin', limp or no limp.”

“I'll never leave you, grandma.”

“Won't yez, darlin? But we'll not talk of that same the day. Time for throuble whin it comes. Oh, but your father's luk's in yer swate young face, and your grandfather's, too. I a'most thought I'd a gleam of it in his whin he took me by the arm.”

“When who did, grandma?”

“Oh, it was a b'ye. Niver ye mind about him. Mebbe if I see it in him again I'll bring him to see ave you can find the same for yersilf.”

A queer sort of a nickname was "Clip"; but old Mother Bounce could never have managed to say "Cleopatra" every time she spoke to the one remnant of her own flesh and blood.

Very little like any kind of Egyptian queen was Clip; but if her father had, indeed, been like her he must have been a pleasant man to look upon.

The same railway accident which had made Clip an orphan, several years before, had left her with a complicated injury of one of her limbs, with which the surgeons had been battling ever since, and with very fair success.

This, however, had not been won without an amount and degree of suffering on Clip's part which had been a sort of education for her, at the same time that it had helped keep her strange grandmother's withered heart singularly wide open in one corner.

That was not the whole of the story of that oddly pleasant upper room, but Mother Bounce was not a person to tell much about her family affairs.

Clip watched her, lovingly, from her invalid chair for a few moments, and then, half wearily, picked up a book from the bit of a table at her elbow.

"Sure an' I must lave you now, for a while, darlin'. Oh, but yez must be lonely!"

"Sometimes, a little, grandma, but Pen is good company, and I'm used to it."

"Mrs. Bounce leaned over and kissed her one treasure, and then hurried out of the room.

At the top of the stairs she paused for a moment, and struck at something with her foot.

"There they be, the three of thim. I knew he'd not dare to lie to me, the rascal. I know just where they'll go this night, and a good thrade it is."

At the bottom of the lower stairs she peered keenly around, as if to see if any suspicious-looking person were there.

But what sort of human being would naturally have been regarded as "suspicious" by an old woman who kept a peanut-stand on a down-town street-corner?

Who can say? Unless it may have been a policeman, or a naughty little boy with a bad appetite for other people's peanuts.

Nobody of either sort was at that moment hovering near the street-door, and Mother Bounce hurried away on some errand or other, which consumed so much time that she was only just returning to her accustomed corner when Vandy MacNamara again made his appearance.

"Did yez bring it wid you? The forty dollars I mane."

"Every cent of it," replied Vandy. "There it is. Count it."

"I can do that same," said Mother Bounce, in a crisp, business-like manner. "Now I s'pose ye'll be wantin' security av me."

"What for? Haven't I known you long enough? All I want you to do is to say I'm to have my full share, and I'm not to be bothered to 'tend the stand."

"'Tind the stand, is it? Now I'd loike to see ye. There's not many cud do that. You're not up to it, me b'ye. It's all here. Ye'll not get any profits for a wake, an' mebbe more. I must make good the bad luck I've been havin'."

"Not at Vance & Madderly's," exclaimed Vandy.

"Niver say a word about that, me b'ye. It was an ould fool I was to spake of it to ony livin' sowl, but me bad timper got the betther of me. It's all right betwixt you an' me, Vandy MacNamara."

"So it is, then. I'll take your word for it."

"Bless your young face, if I didn't see it again!"

"See what, Mother Bounce?"

"Never you mind what. Mebbe it was the security for yer money, and yer profits, too."

"I must go now. I'll take a look at you to-morrow, when you set up your stand again."

"I'll do that," she said, as he hurried away. And then she added, "It was mane of me to lie to him about the rint. But I'll make it thrue. I'll charge meself twinty dollars a wake for the rint of me room, and that'll save me lyin' to the face of the b'ye wid a heart in him."

Would it? Well, scarcely; but old women like Mrs. Bounce get accustomed to creeping through small holes in the way of morals.

## CHAPTER XII.

WHILE Mrs. Bounce was in her granddaughter's sunny sick-room in the rickety old wooden building, a somewhat curious conversation had been going forward between the two partners of the broken firm of brokers.

"Vance," exclaimed Madderly, as he ran his eye down a rough list of their creditors handed him by the bookkeeper, "if here isn't that account of old Mother Bounce."

"By Jingo! I never thought of that. It won't do, my boy."

"Guess not. Things are bad enough, but we can't afford to be laughed at."

"She was out there a while ago," remarked one of the clerks, "making a hullabaloo about it."

"Was she?" said Vance. "Then it's too late. It's rough, now. I don't mind failing, so much——"

"But," exclaimed Madderly, "to be known on the street as the men that ruined the old apple-woman. Think of that!"

They did think of it, and more than one way was proposed to work that name off from the fatal list, but it was too late.

"Besides," said Vance, "she's been howling about it, and we couldn't keep it still."

"No," said his partner, "there's no manner of use now; but I wish we'd thought of it before. All that's due her wouldn't have made much difference to the rest."

"Not divided around. Losses are about the only thing we've got to divide."

"Liberal dividend of them, though, I must say."

"Well, Mother Bounce must take her chances with the rest, but I never want to pass by her stand again."

"Spoils peanuts for me."

In fact, the two desperate operators had looked ruin in the face daily for so long a time that it had lost its terrors for them to a great extent, and about the bitterest drop in their cup, that morning, was their dread of the ridicule they might receive on account of Mother Bounce.

Pity they could not have had an expression of her own opinion of them from her own tongue.

Phil Hawkins and Sile Morgan found that a busy morning, and more than once the latter found himself wishing for the company and counsel of Vandy MacNamara.

Phil did what he could for him, but poor Sile was at his wit's end a dozen times in trying to find places that were household words to other office-boys of longer experience.

Quick eyes and a good memory were doing a good deal for him, but he had a huge amount of questions to ask, and almost everybody seemed too busy to be stopped for anything.

Remembering his first experience, he fell back on the "boys," but even they, while giving him free and full directions, were prone to ask him:

"I say, where'd you come from?"

"You're from the country, ain't you?"

"Been in town long?"

Or to tell him, with expressions of mocking sympathy:

"Look a' here, you won't do."

"Get a map."

"Buy a directory."

"Ask a policeman."

One little sinner, of whom he asked the way to the Cotton Exchange, sent him flying into Delmonico's, and another, instead of heading him fairly for William Street, put him on the way to the Battery.

Still, he got along fairly well, and Mr. Dunman told him so, which was a great comfort to poor Silas.

As for Mr. Dunman himself, his next attempt to call Vandy MacNamara met with better success, for the Janitor's Boy had now attended to his own business, and was ready for that of other people.

"Got anything special on your hands, Vandy?"

"Time's a drug in my market this morning, sir."

"Then set right off up-town with this letter. You'll have something to bring back, and there's no time to be lost. Do you understand?"

Vandy did, for he read the address on the envelope, and he had seen the same before.

"L. Squam, No. — East 43d Street, City."

"Quick, now. It isn't every boy I'd trust with that errand, I tell you."

"I'm not every boy," thought Vandy, but he was off like a shot. He took the street-car at the City Hall, and it seemed to him as if the horses were unusually slow, for he had seen that in Mr. Dunman's face which meant even more than his words.

"Something's brewing with Dunman, but whether it's good or bad is more than I'm up to."

The house at which the letter was to be delivered had nothing splendid about it. On the contrary, it was one of the plainest in a very quiet and cheap-looking neighborhood, and all there was on the door besides the name of "L. Squam" were the words "Notary Public."

It was Mr. Squam himself who opened the door when Vandy pulled the bell, and the two seemed to know one another, for neither of them said a word, and the notary public went back into the house before breaking the seal of the envelope.

"He never asked me in yet," muttered Vandy. "Wonder if anybody ever gets in? The little hook-nosed thief, I fancy he don't make Dunman stand out here on the doorstep."

If Phil or Sile had been in Vandy's place it is barely possible he might have associated yet another idea with the words in which Mr. Squam was so impolitely described. He might even have thought of an exciting scene in a street-car, and heard somebody shouting:

"Pickpocket! Seize him!"

Mr. Squam was little, and he was remarkably hooked as to his nose, but he was too old a man for any other way of picking pockets than that which sometimes accompanies the habit of loaning money on good security.

On the present occasion, although he drew from that envelope a certified check on a good bank for a very good amount, he seemed very little pleased with it.

On the contrary, he put on a wry face as he fumbled with the lock of a heavy safe in one corner of the dusty den which served him for an office, growling:

"De rascal haf keep his vort efery time. I gets no more dan mine discounts. I vas hope he vould not get de money. Vell, some day he vill be too late, and I vill make sometings vorth vile. I hates dose rascal dat keep dere vort vis me. Dat is, ven de security is so goot."

That was where the shoe pinched. If the securities had not been worth more than the cash, no money would have been loaned on them, and Mr. Squam was the kind of man to prefer keeping that which is worth the most.

There was no help for it this time, nor any excuse for delay, and in five minutes more Vandy MacNamara was on his way down-town, as ignorant of the contents of the very large envelope Mr. Squam handed him as he had been of those of the small one he had delivered.

Vandy could guess, however, and he muttered the word "bonds" to himself, as he started for the street-cars.

There was nothing strange in a man like Dunman having that sort of property, if such there was in the envelope; but it was very odd, indeed, that he should go to a man like Squam for money when there were so many banks down-town. What was more, Vandy knew it, and what was more still, Mr. Dunman had somehow become aware that Vandy knew it.

"He knows too much," the junior partner had said to himself; "but it's too late now. Everything is moving splendidly, and I shan't have to bother old Squam any more. That is, I hope not."

Men like Mr. Dunman ought never to be compelled to "bother" men like old Mr. Squam, any more than his likeness, who went for the wallet in Dunman's coat-pocket. The whole tribe of Squams have mischief in them.

On reaching Otter Street, Vandy did not march at once into Ponnerby & Co.'s office and go up to Mr. Dunman's desk. He leaned lazily against the doorway of the flight of stairs next door, leading to his own family residence, until, a very few minutes later, a not very loud whistle called him to the sidewalk.

Mr. Squam's parcel was handed over without a word of comment, and quickly disappeared in the breast-pocket of Mr. Dunman's coat.

"All right, Vandy, my boy. You've been as quick as usual. Let me see. That twenty was for a special thing. How much ought I to pay you? You've been doing a good deal for me lately."

"Well, yes, a little."

"What do you think about it?"

"Well, the fact is, Mr. Dunman, I may want some money pretty soon."

"Ah? How's that?"

"May want to borrow some for a business operation."

"Business, eh? How much?"

"May be as much as a hundred and may be more," said Vandy, trying not to draw a long breath at his own temerity.

"Well, Vandy," said Mr. Dunman, with a broad smile on his placid face, "if it's anything my judgment approves of, I wouldn't mind letting you have a hundred or so. I'd like to see you get a start."

"Would you, sir, really? Thank you. I'll do anything in the world for you."

"Whenever you're ready, come and consult me, that's all. I must hurry, now."

And he strode away up the street, leaving Vandy looking after him, with:

"I take it all back. Did I ever say he wasn't a prime good fellow? If I did—well, I can lick any other feller that wants to say it, I can."

[To be continued.]

"The Janitor's Boy" was commenced in No. [illegible]

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## JOHNNY CLEM, "THE DRUMMER-BOY OF CHICKAMAUGA."

THERE are but few people who lived during the late war, and read current events, who are not familiar with the brilliant achievements made, and the invincible spirit and soldierly qualities displayed, by the boy-soldier, known as "Little Johnny Clem, the Drummer-boy of Chickamauga." His acts have been recorded in many histories of the war. Lossing speaks of him as "probably the youngest person who ever bore arms in battle," and, every incident connected with his army life possesses peculiar interest to the people in general.

Such being the case, we propose to give a brief sketch of his entrance into the army, and of his subsequent life.

John L. Clem was born in Newark, Ohio, August 13th, 1851. He had lost his mother, and in May, 1861, before he was ten years old—when he was so small he might have been placed inside of a regulation drum—offered his services as a drummer to the Third Ohio regiment, but was rejected on account of his size and tender age. The little hero went out on the same train with the regiment, and meeting the Twenty-second Michigan regiment, offered his services to that, and was again rejected; but with undaunted spirit and determination he followed the fortunes of the regiment, until at length he was beating the "long roll" in front of Shiloh, in April, 1862, where his soldierly spirit so won the confidence and admiration of the officers of the regiment that, in June or July, 1862, he was enlisted at Covington, Kentucky, as a drummer, and served afterward as a "marker."

At Shiloh his drum was smashed by a piece of shell, which won for him the appellation of "Johnny Shiloh," as a title of distinction for his fearless manner in the bloody battle. It was at Chickamauga, that field of glory and renown for General Thomas, he received the title of "The Little Drummer-boy of Chickamauga," under which he has passed into history, and his name and title will live for ever, in connection with brave acts performed by him, which for coolness and undaunted valor find no parallel on the pages of ancient or modern warfare in one so young. We give one act, which won for him the highest meed of praise from Rosecranz and Thomas, and every other officer and private of the Army of the Cumberland.

At the battle of Chickamauga, little Johnny Clem, having just passed his twelfth year, exchanged the "long roll" of the drum for the "brisk fire" of the deadly musket; and on the 23d day of September, 1863, when the line of battle was about being formed, our Little Drummer-boy, now acting as a "marker," might have been seen with his trusty little musket, as it afterward proved, which had been shortened for his use, seated upon a caisson, side by side with artillerymen, going to the front to form the line and face the coming storm of death in common with others. The line being formed, he now took his position in the ranks, and with his true and trusty little musket began putting in the periods quite on his own account, blazing away close to the ground like a firefly in the grass. At the close of the day, when the army was retiring toward Chattanooga, the brigade to which little Johnnie belonged was ordered to hold its position, but, being afterward surrounded by the rebels, a demand for its surrender was made directly after its charge had been repulsed, when a rebel colonel rode up to our little hero, who could not fall back as rapidly as the rest of the line, and made a special demand of him: "Halt! Surrender! you d——d little Yankee son of a b——h!"

Still coming with his sword drawn upon little Johnny, who had now brought his musket to an "order arms," and, in doing which, slipped his hand down the barrel and cocked it while at "order," when our little hero, uninspired to obedience of the chaste summons he had just received, suddenly swung up his musket to the position of "charge bayonet!" and fired, when lo! our little David brought down the proud Goliah, who fell from his saddle, his lips fresh stained with the reproachful epithet he had just flung upon a mother's grave in the hearing of her child. Simultaneously with the performance of this brilliant deed, the regiment to which little Johnny belonged was fired into by the surrounding rebels, when he fell as though he had been shot, and lay there until darkness closed in, when he arose and made his way toward Chattanooga after the rest of the army.

Now all history may be searched in vain for an instance of such forethought, courage and self-reliance as this, and which alone has given this child-soldier an immortality of fame as one of the most heroic characters of the war. A reference to this most daring act in the papers of the day was the first intimation his family had received of his whereabouts during his two years and upward of absence.

Upon one occasion, when asked, "Why he laid aside his drum and took up the musket?" he replied, "Because I did not like to stand and be shot at without shooting back!" And during the battle of Chickamauga, he said to some one of his comrades that he "did not intend to be captured by any one man," and he kept his promise.

For his heroic conduct, the little drummer boy was made sergeant by Rosecranz, and attached to the headquarters of the Army of the Cumberland; and a daughter of Chief Justice Chase presented him with a silver medal, inscribed "Sergeant Johnny Clem, Twenty-second Michigan Volunteer Infantry, from N. M. C.," which he worthily wears, as a priceless badge of honor, upon his left breast, in connection with his Grand Army medal.

In a few days after little Johnny's arrival at Chattanooga, our tiny gunner was captured, with others, whilst detailed to aid in bringing up the supply trains from Bridgeport, Ala., and held in captivity for sixty-three days, during which time he was kept on the move, until he was at length paroled down near Tallahasse, Fla., and sent to Camp Chase for exchange, which was not complied with. Having captured this gallant little prize, the rebels despoiled him of the companionship of his little, bullet-torn cap, which he endeavored in vain to retain as a reminiscent in the future of the perils through which he had passed, taking also from him his jacket and shoes. Upon reaching our lines, he found General Thomas in command of the Army of the Cumberland, who received him with the warmest enthusiasm, and made him an orderly sergeant and attached him to his staff.

In addition to the battles of Shiloh and Chickamauga, he was at Perryville, Stone River (sometimes called Murfresboro'), Resaca, Kenesaw, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, Nashville, and others, where the Army of the Cumberland covered itself with so much glory.

Besides the three balls that passed through his little cap at Chickamauga, he was struck once with a fragment of shell upon his hip, and once by a ball. Upon the latter occasion he was in the act of delivering a dispatch from General Thomas to General Logan, at Atlanta, when a ball struck his little pony obliquely near the top of his head, killing him and wounding his fearless little rider in the right ear. He is held in the highest estimation by all the officers and men of the Army of the Cumberland, and General Thomas was his fast friend and correspondent up to the time of his death.

After the war closed Johnny Clem went to school, and graduated at the Newark High School. In 1871 General Grant, who had kept watch of the movements of the little drummer-boy, appointed him a second lieutenant in the army, and he was promoted to be first lieutenant in 1874. He graduated at the artillery school at Fortress Monroe in 1875. His services in the army, with the exception of the time he was at the artillery school, have been mainly in the wilds of Texas, and on the lower Rio Grande border.

The Galesville (Wis.) University, located in Trempealeau County, in a village possessing the advantages of quietness and freedom from many of the temptations incident to a location on the thoroughfares of trade and travel, and as a point of great beauty, has now the honor of enrolling as one of its professors, "John L. Clem, U. S. Army, Military Science."

This is the same person who won such enviable distinction, and is so well-known as "The Drummer-boy of Chickamauga." President Hayes detailed Lieutenant Clem Professor of Military Science and Tactics at the Galesville University, in June last, and that gentleman is now on duty at that popular and very excellent institution. Under its present organization, there is every reason to believe the Galesville University will receive a liberal patronage from Wisconsin and adjoining States. It will no doubt deserve success.

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## INSTANCE OF REASONING IN A CAT.

THE following account of reasoning in a cat was communicated to me by its mistress, Lady E., whom I have known for many years (says the Rev. J. G. Wood). The animal evidently felt surprised that such a thing as an empty plate should be allowed upon a breakfast-table, and so, in her own way, showed her mistress how a plate ought to be filled:

"Our breakfast-room had bow-windows, and the houses were very near each other.

"One morning when the windows of both houses were open, our younger cat, Tiny, disappeared into our neighbor's window, and a few minutes after rushed back into our room, and, leaping upon the breakfast-table with a lobster in her mouth, held it over an empty plate. She evidently only wished us to see it, as she would not allow any one to touch it, and, darting out of the window again, with the lobster still in her mouth, she replaced it upon the table without taking any, and came back to our room.

"The lobster was returned so carefully that our neighbors assured us they should not have known it had been touched."

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## SAVING HIS TREASURES.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH MONROE, with his wife and babe, started from Tiverton to cross Fall River to Rhode Island one day, and in passing through Bridgeport, with a strong ebb tide, the keel of his boat came in contact with a line attached to the schooner *Antelope*, and the boat was capsized. The babe sank and his wife became unconscious. Monroe dived down and rescued the babe, and as he came to the surface found his wife just under water and sinking. He seized her, and, unaided, swam ashore with babe and wife, and landed over two hundred feet from where the boat capsized. The babe was apparently dead, for it was under water from the time the boat capsized until its father landed it on the shore, but it soon revived. Monroe's achievement is spoken of in the highest terms, and when we consider the coldness of the water and the swiftness of the tide, it seems almost a miracle that he saved himself, wife and child. Naturally enough, when the mother came to herself she cried: "Where is my baby?"

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## A KNOWING DOG.

BACK in the Shenandoah Valley the whole country is covered with Methodist preachers and "yaller leg" chickens. The preachers visit the people who own the chickens, always being accompanied by an umbrella and a pair of saddle-bags, and when the preacher takes his departure there are a good many chickens less on that farm than there were when he arrived. At one place there was a yellow hound which had been taught to chase and catch chickens when any were wanted for the table; and that hound got to know the preachers pretty well; and whenever a man appeared on that farm with an umbrella and a pair of saddle-bags, that dog would not wait for orders, but would make a straight break for the chickens, a number of which he would catch and carry to the house. To save their chickens, the people on the farm either had to turn Presbyterians or kill the dog, and they chose the former.

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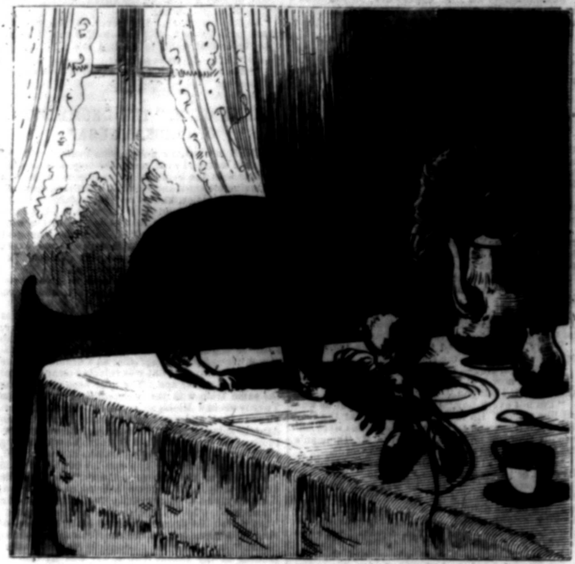
## CIRCUS LIFE BEHIND THE SCENES.

THERE are probably few persons who do not number among the most pleasant recollections of their youth their first visit to a circus, whether their earliest sniff of the sawdust was inhaled in the building made famous by the Astley belt contests or under the canvas canopy of Barnum the Great. In my boyish days, the cry of "This way for the riders!" bawled from the stentorian vocal organs of the proprietor or ring-master of a traveling circus, never failed to attract all the boys, and no small proportion of the men and women, to the part of the town from which it proceeded. The boys, who protest that they are better than a play—the young women, who are delighted with the "loves of horses"—the old gentlemen, who are never so pleased as when they are amusing their grandchildren—the admirers of graceful horsemanship of all



INSTANCE OF REASONING IN A CAT.—THE CAT TEACHING THE MISTRESS WHAT TO HAVE FOR BREAKFAST.—SEE PAGE 227.

ages—crowd the benches, and find the old tricks and the old wheezes ever charming—ever new.

What boy is there who, though he may have seen it before, does not follow with sparkling eyes the Pawnee chief in his rapid career upon a bare-backed steed—the lady in the scarlet habit and high hat, who leaps over hurdles—the stout farmer who, while his horse bears him round the ring, divests himself of any number of coats and vests, until he finally appears in tights and trunks—the juggler who plays at cup and ball, and tosses knives in an endless shower, as he is whirled round the arena? And which of us has not, in the days of our boyhood, fallen in love with the fascinating young lady in short skirts, who leaps through "balloons" and over banners? Even when we have attained man's estate, and learned a wrinkle or two, we take our children to Barnum's or Howe's, and enjoy the time-honored feats of equitation, the tumbling, the gymnastics, and the rope-dancing, as much as the boys and girls.

But of the circus *artistes*—the riders, the clowns, the acrobats, the gymnasts—what do we know? How many are there, unconnected with the sawdust, who can say that they have known a member of that strange race?

But circus life as we have been accustomed to see it, and circus-life "behind the scenes," are two totally different things. If you boys, who would walk ten miles for the sake of "seeing a show," were to get one peep at the inner mysteries of "circus-life," I am sure that you would think twice before you walked even a mile; and were you to become familiar with the inner life of some of those dazzling creatures, male and female, whom you have so admired, you would be so heartily disgusted with the whole business, that you would not walk a yard to see the best of their performances.

The beautiful young lady, clad in sparkling jewels and lavished limited flounces, you would find out to be a very commonplace person, with most likely a drunken husband and half a dozen dirty children.

The daring athlete whom you have so often envied for his seeming wonderful strength, would be found to be nothing more than a vulgar loafer, who, immediately after the performance, would retire to a neighboring bar-room, drink himself into a state of madness, and then stagger home to some dirty garret, and most likely ill-treat the poor woman whom he calls his wife.

Of course there are exceptions to every rule, but they are few and far between; and you may take it as a pretty general rule that if you were to inquire into the inner life of some of the people you most admire and envy, you would find yourself rudely awakened from a pleasant dream, and face to face with some cruel reality.

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# Young Pickwick's Schooldays.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### THE DIDDLER GIVES MR. PARROT A LESSON AT AUNT SALLY, AND MIFFINS RECEIVES THE BENEFIT.

THE Diddler controlled his feelings, however, and said nothing of what he had been doing.

The boys, in a very desponding state of mind, assembled for morning school. Doctor Waddle entered as usual, and had an open letter in his hand.

"Young gentlemen," he said, "I have just received a note from Mr. Parrot, inviting you to his *fête* to-day. I have replied, giving you permission to go, and therefore, in perfect confidence that you will conduct yourselves as gentlemen, you may go and prepare as soon as you please."

A ringing cheer burst from the pupils as they sprang up, and putting away their books, hurried to make their toilets.

They were full of remorse for having so mistrusted their friend, the Diddler; but he generously forgave them, and made them scream with laughter over the story of the bouquet, and the effect it had upon old Eat-my-wig.

It was a lovely morning, and the appearance of Mr. Parrot's grounds proved that he had not been idle.

Our young friends were in the very highest spirits, and glistening in their best clothes, looked as gentlemanly a party of youths as could be well imagined.

The Diddler outshone himself, and in his light Summer suit, with a rose in his button-hole, looked like the leader of his party, as he undoubtedly was.

"Charming scene!" he exclaimed, with enthusiasm, as he cast his eye around; "gay—festive—halls of dazzling light—everything as it ought to be."

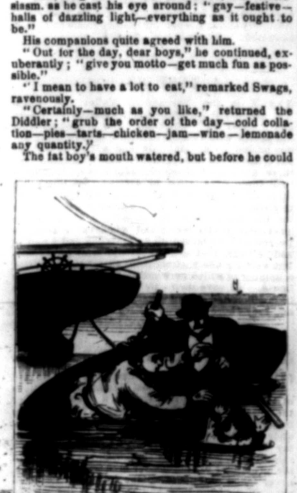
His companions quite agreed with him.

"Out for the day, dear boys," he continued, exuberantly; "give you motto—get much fun as possible."

"I mean to have a lot to eat," remarked Swags, ravenously.

"Certainly—much as you like," returned the Diddler; "grub the order of the day—cold collation—pies—tarts—chicken—jam—wine—lemonade any quantity."

The fat boy's mouth watered, but before he could reply, Miffins came in sight. Miffins had come out particularly strong on this important occasion, and evidently thought a great deal of himself.



SAVING HIS TREASURES.—CAPTAIN MONROE'S HEROIC RESCUE OF HIS WIFE AND CHILD.—SEE PAGE 227.

He was attired in a suit of broadcloth, with bright buttons, and a glaring satin necktie round his throat.

A large cabbage-rose adorned his button-hole.

"How do, Miffins?" asked the Diddler, in a light comedy style, as that vulgar individual approached with his nose in the air.

"Good-morning, Miffins! How are you, Miffins?" echoed the rest.

"I ain't none the better for seein' you," was his surly reply, as he passed

"Thank you, Miff—owe you one for that," remarked the Diddler, as he put his foot out, over which Miffins stumbled, and went sprawling on his hands and knees.

"What d'yer mean by that?" growled Miffins, his face fiery red, and with two round patches of dust on his knees.

"Beg pardon—really," returned the Diddler, affably; "sorry, extremely—accident—assure you—help you up."

Miffins was hoisted on his legs, and went away growling like an angry bear.

The boys strolled through the ground, and presently encountered the proprietor.

The Diddler could see that he was in the best of humors, and rushed to him at once.

"My dear sir, delighted to meet you once again—looking so well, too" he exclaimed, as he grasped his hands with much effusion.

"And I'm happy to say I feel well, too," said Mr. Parrot, returning the shake heartily; "never better."

"Quite believe you, sir," replied the knowing one, in his most genial manner; "appearance proves fact—elasticity of limb—glow of youth on cheeks—radiant—splendid—very—allow me introduce you to friends—gentlemen—worthy host—fifty years old to-day—jolly old buck!"

The boys raised their hats and gave Mr. Parrot a hearty cheer, which seemed to gratify him ex-extremely.

"Who's for Aunt Sally?" asked the Diddler, as the shout died away.

"All!"

"Come on, then," he cried. "You'll join us, my dear sir?"

"Oh, yes, pray join us, Mr. Parrot," entreated the boys, earnestly; "do."

"I shall be most happy," returned Mr. Parrot, greatly flattered; "but I'm afraid I shall make but a poor hand at it."

"Oh, no; play splendidly," insisted the Diddler; "just figure—capital exercise, Aunt Sally—brace muscles—promote appetite—after few games digest anything—from tenpenny nail to door-knocker."

Thus persuaded, Mr. Parrot was hurried away by his young visitors to that part of the grounds devoted to this particular species of amusement.

On their way they met Miffins.

He had just finished a bottle of stout, was in a better humor, and volunteered to join them.

No objection being offered, they proceeded together.

The throwing commenced, and was kept up briskly.

By some freak of fortune, or else by superior skill, the Diddler was by far the most successful of the competitors.

His cudgel seemed to have a kind of magic power of striking the sticks on which the prizes were poised—and not only so—but striking them in such a way that the prizes poised on their tops became his property.

He had quite a pile of pincushions and cigar-cases.

Miffins, who tried hard to secure a tobacco-box and failed, grew very sullen in consequence.

"I can't make it out," said Mr. Parrot, who had got quite on friendly terms with the Diddler; "how it is you are so lucky in hitting the sticks."

"Can't you?" replied the knowing one, affably; "endeavor to explain—observe—grasp end of cudgel thus—raise arm—draw well back—take good aim—let fly—so."

Away flew the cudgel and hit the stick, and the Diddler found himself the happy possessor of another prize—a musical pear.

Miffins growled enviously.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Mr. Parrot; "should really like to try once more."

"Certainly—nothing like trying—practice makes perfect—keep cool—don't forget instructions."

Mr. Parrot took up a cudgel, and as he had been enjoined, he grasped it at the end, raised his arm, drew it well back, took good aim—as he thought—and let fly.

But the aim was not good—possibly because the worthy proprietor shut his eyes at the moment—and the cudgel, instead of striking the stick, went whirling through the air in quite another direction, and caught Miffins, who happened to be in the way, a tremendous thwack on the side of the head.

Miffins uttered a howl of rage.

"You did that o' purpose, you wig-eatin' willain!" he cried, wrathfully striding toward Mr. Parrot, who was aghast at the catastrophe.

"No, indeed, I didn't," Mr. Parrot assured him; "the—a—cudgel slipped out of my hand."

"Exactly—cudgel slipped," interposed the Diddler; "accident—nothing more—must see that Miffins—better presently."

"But I don't see it," growled Miffins, wrathfully; "th' artful ole fellow did it o' purpose, an' I shan't be better till I've taken it out of him."

The vindictive man took off his coat as he spoke, and commenced sparring up to his friend.

But the boys gathered round Mr. Parrot, determined to protect him.

"Can't allow it, Miffins," cried the Diddler; "can't, really—put on coat—calm self—if not——"

But Miffins would not calm himself.

This being the case, at a signal from the Diddler, the whole party rushed in upon him and bore him to the ground.

Then tying his ankles, and pinioning his arms, they hoisted him up, and flung him neck and crop into the merry-go-round, giving the owner strict injunctions to set it in motion at once, and to keep it going for twenty minutes at least, without stopping.

Round went the machine in that merry manner which has earned for it its name, with Miffins in it.

In vain he roared and yelled, and declared his head was coming off.

The merry-go-round continued its lively revolutions with undiminished speed, until the prescribed time had expired.

Then Miffins fell heavily on *terra firma*, all the fighting out of him.

He dropped down like a log on the grass, and stared vacantly at nothing, and there he was left to recover himself.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

### VICISSITUDES OF THE FÊTE—MOVING INCIDENTS—GRAND DESCENT OF CUPID—FIREWORKS FOR THE MILLION—A SENSATIONAL WIND UP.

MR. PARROT, delighted at the stanch manner in which the Diddler and his companions had interposed in his behalf, became quite confidential—with the Diddler especially.

He walked round the grounds, pointing out his various arrangements to his visitors, which they of course declared to be perfection.

At length they came to a tall, curious-looking wooden framework, with a platform at the top.

"What's this?" asked the boys; "a trapeze?"

"Oh, no," returned Mr. Parrot, rubbing his hands, complacently; "this is for the fireworks. We're going to have a very grand display. I suppose you like fireworks, don't you?"

The reply was unanimous.

Every one liked them.

"I suppose the fireworks will be fastened to this frame?" said Dick Sancliff, after a moment.

"Yes, exactly," responded Mr. Parrott; "those four cross pieces you see up there will revolve with magnificent stars at all their points. Then there will be a large wheel in the centre."

"Gorgeous!" cried young Pickwick; "and will that revolve as well?"

"Oh, yes," explained Mr. Parrott, "and then when everything's on the full turn, a tremendous shower of sparks will burst forth from that box on the platform——"

"Eh—what—Jack-in-the-box?" inquired Swags, rousing from a nap which he had been taking as he stood.

"I didn't say anything about Jack-in-the-box; I said a shower of sparks," replied Mr. Parrot, a little impatiently at being misunderstood.

"Of course he did," cried the boys; "Swagy, you're a donkey."

"Then," continued Mr. Parrot, "while this interruption is taking place, other pyrotechnics will be let off; brilliant-colored fires will be lighted, and the general result will be magnificent in the extreme."

The boys gave a cheer of approbation; Swags uttered a faint "hooray," and fell asleep again.

Mr. Parrot was evidently gratified at the admiration his plans excited, and Fitzsham said to him, in a respectful, flattering tone:

"Don't you think, sir, it would look very fine if you could be seated up there on the platform?"

"Me! up there!" exclaimed Mr. Parrot, almost startled at the suggestion.

"Yes, sir," continued the Hon. Jonadab, knowingly; "with the fireworks going off all around you, you know. Wouldn't the effect be dazzling?"

"Ah! yes; it would be! I really think it would," returned Mr. Parrot, deeply impressed by the splendor of the idea; "but I—I'm afraid," he added, "it might be a little too dazzling for me—not quite safe."

"Oh, yes," said the Diddler, with the utmost cheerfulness; "perfectly so—no danger in the least."

"But I'm not fond of being perched up on high places. I should be sure to get giddy and fall."

"Impossible, my dear sir," exclaimed the Diddler; "fasten you up—invisible wires—everywhere encircle arms—legs—body—firm as a rock—whizz—fizz—crash—flash—face lit up with colored fires—look angelic—showers of sparks pouring forth at all points—ears—elbows—crown of hat—like salamander, all fire—magnificent!"

"Oh, do, Mr. Parrot! pray do!" entreated the rest, earnestly; "you would look so splendid!"

Old Eat-my-wig felt profoundly flattered at the solicitations of his young visitors.

"My dear boys," he said, "I am sorry, very sorry, to refuse you, but really I have not the nerve to carry out your grand suggestions."

The dear boys hung their heads in well-assumed disappointment.

"Pity—great pity!" murmured the Diddler, dejectedly; "but no matter—idea dismissed—think of something else."

The knowing one shut one eye, and stood gazing in thoughtful silence up at the wooden frame.

Presently he murmured, as if speaking to himself:

"Yes—might be done—would look grand—great novelty—astonish everybody."

"Ah, indeed! What is it you mean?"

"Grand descent from platform," exclaimed the knowing youth, balancing himself in a picturesque attitude on one leg.

"Descent of whom?" asked Mr. Parrot.

"Cupid, god of love, surrounded by fireworks."

"Ah, so it would!" exclaimed old Eat-my-wig, catching at the suggestion.

"Bea-u-tiful!" ejaculated the boys.

"But where's Cupid to come from?" inquired Mr. Parrot.

"I'll find him," cried the Diddler; "nice fat Cupid—chubby—everything."

Eat-my-wig's face glowed with satisfaction as he said:

"Can this be arranged?"

"Oh, yes; easiest thing in world."

"Capital!" exclaimed Mr. Parrot, enthusiastically; "and will you manage this?"

"I will—word pledged."

"I'm very much obliged to you, indeed, and will introduce you to Mr. Glare."

"Who's he?" inquired the Diddler.

"The firework-maker," replied Mr. Parrot, who then called out:

"Mr. Glare!"

Mr. Glare at once responded by coming out of a tent behind the framework.

He was a wiry-looking little man, who limped with one leg, and with a face so sharp, pale, and thin as to suggest the idea that he had been reared upon saltpetre and squib cases.

Mr. Parrot introduced them at once.

"How do, Glare?" said the Diddler, in his usual free-and-easy manner; "pretty well, eh?"

"Oh, I'm all right," returned the other.

"Don't know me, I suppose?" continued the knowing one, cocking his swivel eye at the man.

"No."

"Explain—professor of pyrotechnics to the Emperor of Russia and the Prince Got-a-cough," said the Diddler.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Glare, touching his hat respectfully; "I wasn't aware——"

"Dare say not—positive fact, for all that—assure you—Parrot particular friend of mine—wish to introduce new feature—want your co-operation."

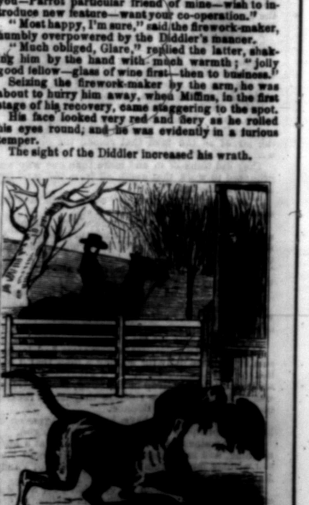
"Most happy, I'm sure," said the firework-maker, humbly overpowered by the Diddler's manner.

"Much obliged, Glare," replied the latter, shaking him by the hand with much warmth; "jolly good fellow—glass of wine first—then to business."

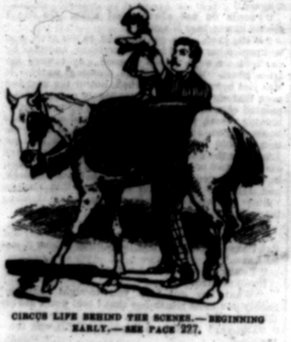
Seizing the firework-maker by the arm, he was about to hurry him away, when Miffins, in the first stage of his recovery, came staggering to the spot.

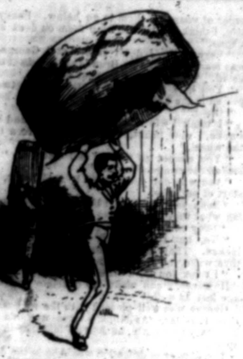
His face looked very red and fiery as he rolled his eyes round; and he was evidently in a furious temper.

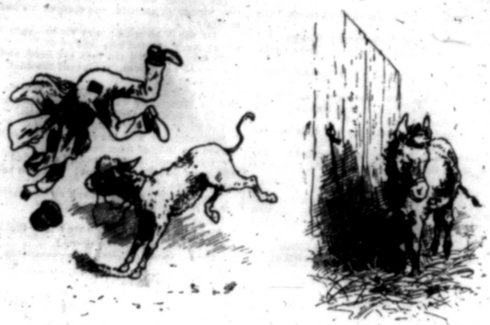
The sight of the Diddler increased his wrath.



A KNOWING DOG.—HE GOES FOR THE YELLOW-LEGGED CHICKENS AS SOON AS HE SEES THE PREACHER COMING.—SEE PAGE 227.


CIRCUS LIFE BEHIND THE SCENES.—BEGINNING EARLY.—SEE PAGE 227.


BRINGING THE "DRUMS" BACK.


THE TRICK MULE IN THE RING AND BEHIND THE SCENES.

"So there ye are agin, ye skinny willain!" he growled. "Take that!"

And without any further warning he shot out fiercely at him with his right fist.

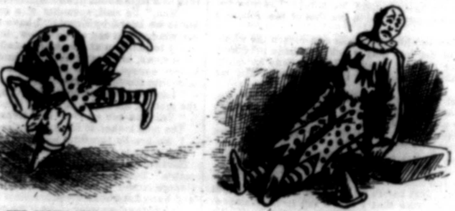
The Diddler nimbly ducked his head, and Mr. Parrot got it in his left ear.

"Oh, you brute, you unmitigated ruffian!" shrieked Mr. Parrot, as he let fly at Miffins.

But the Diddler cleverly tripped up the latter at the moment, and Mr. Glare received the full benefit of the blow intended for Miffins on his nose.

Sparks danced in the firework-maker's eyes, and fury in his heart.

"I ain't going to be insulted!" he roared, as he hopped about like one of his own lighted crackers. "Who did it?" The Diddler pointed to Miffins, who was trying to drag himself on to his feet, the most defenseless part of his anatomy being at that moment exposed.


THE CLOWN BEFORE AND BEHIND.

Mr. Glare gave him a tremendous kick which sent him sprawling, and threw himself upon him.

Miffins, maddened at this assault, sprang up, dragging the firework-maker with him, and a fierce struggle commenced.

"Go it, Miffins!—go it, Glare!—go it both!" cried the boys.

And they both did "go it," until, reaching an ornamental fountain they overbalanced, and fell splashing into the basin, Miffins being undermost.

From this they were rescued by the bystanders, and the water having cooled their courage, they were easily separated.

Mr. Glare retired into the tent with the Diddler, and Miffins departed without his hat, having swallowed more water than agreed with his constitution.

Mr. Parrot walked away with his young friends with Miffins's hat, which young Pickwick had fastened by a string to his coat-tail, trailing behind him.

They had not gone far when, to their surprise, they descried Puckle wandering about like a lost sheep. As soon as he perceived them he came toward them.

"What does he want here?" asked Bully Mungal, in a surly tone. "Come to act spy upon us, I suppose?"

This was the exact fact, and the boys resented the idea accordingly.

"Good-afternoon, young gentlemen," said Mr. Puckle, as he reached them.

"Good-afternoon, Puckle," replied Fitzsham. "Didn't expect to see you here."

"Doctor Waddle thought it would be as well that I should come and look after you," Puckle answered.

"Much obliged to the doctor," said Mr. Parrot, gruffly, not at all prepossessed in favor of the usher; "but there was no occasion for you to have troubled yourself."

"No trouble at all," lisped Mr. Puckle, nervously, who then joined the party.

"We must get rid of him," said young Pickwick.

"Decidedly!" assented Dick Sancliff.

The question was how to induce the usher to take his departure, when fate beneficently came to their assistance.

Mr. Parrot had become aware that something was every now and then giving a jerk to his coat-tail.

He said nothing, but glancing aside, he observed that Mr. Puckle was walking close behind him.

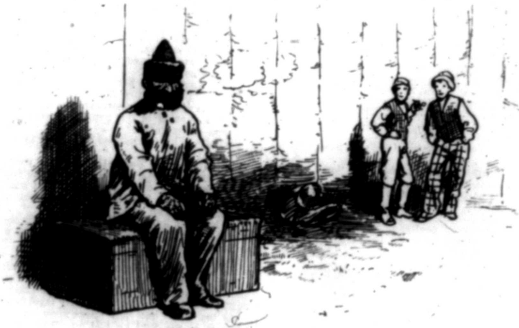
His suspicions were at once excited, and he mentioned them to Tinkle and young Pickwick, who, of course, quite agreed with him.

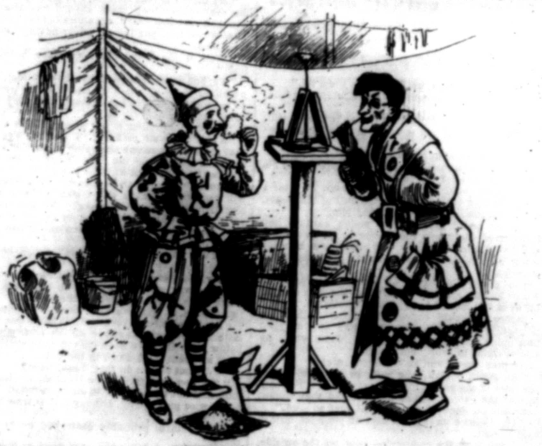
Suddenly he felt a tremendous tug, and, turning upon Puckle, he seized him then and there.

"I've got you now!" he cried. "How dare you pull my tail—eh, sir?"

"I pull your t—t—t—all!" gasped the unconscious usher. "I assure you I did nothing of the sort."

"Bah!" growled Mr. Parrot. "I say you did."


A CIRCUS MANAGER DOWN ON HIS LUCK.


THE CLOWNS' DRESSING-ROOM.

"Oh!" exclaimed Bob Fairfit, "there's a hat fastened to your coat."

"A hat?" exclaimed Mr. Parrot, as he clapped his hand behind him and hauled away at the string. "So there is," he added, as he at length arrived at Miffins's broad-brimmed *chapeau*.

"What have you to say to this, you impertinent fellow?" he continued, wrathfully, as he flourished it in Puckle's face.

"I really don't know anything about it," replied the distracted usher, removing his hat to wipe his heated brow. "I didn't tie it to you."

"It's a base falsehood, sir; you did!" shouted Parrot.

And without further parley he grasped the brim with both hands, and jammed it down violently over Puckle's head.

"O—h!" yelled the horrified usher, in a muffled voice from the depths of the hat; "I'm smothered! I shall expire! Help me!"

His terror was increased when the hoarse, gruff voice of Miffins, who had just arrived, responded:

"Yes, I'll help yer! Wot d'yer mean by runnin' off wi' my hat, eh?"

With this Miffins made a fierce clutch at his hat, and after a struggle, in which the unfortunate Puckle's head was nearly pulled off, he succeeded in getting possession of his property once more.

The usher, with his hair like a mop and the skin rubbed off his nose, beat a precipitate retreat, with Miffins after him, vowing he'd have his heart's blood.

Mr. Parrot, at the sight of Miffins, had prudently retired. The boys roared with laughter till they were almost black in the face, and at that moment the Diddler joined them.

"Made it all right with Glare," he said, in a brisk and lively tone. "Descent of Cupid—all arranged." They strolled on, and presently Tuppy came running toward them with his face all aglow.

"She's here!" he exclaimed.

"Who?"

"Polly—my Polly!"

"Is her dad with her?" asked the Diddler.

"No; all by herself."

"Happy youth—make most of it—enjoy 'selves while you can."

"We intend to," cried the enraptured Tuppy, as he hurried off.

They had not gone far when they beheld an extraordinary object coming toward them, dressed entirely in white.

"Who is it?" they all exclaimed.

"Polar bear or scaramouch," said the Diddler.

But it was neither, and on a closer approach it was found to be Swags, who was waddling along in anything but a lively manner.

"What's the matter?" asked Dick Sancliff, as he reached them. "What have you been up to?"

"Well," said Swags, "I felt awfully hungry, and I found my way to the kitchen, and there I dropped upon a few tarts——"

"How many do you call a few?" inquired Sancliff.

"About three dozen, as near as I can guess," returned Swags; "and a bowl of custard. And then the cook whopped me first and jumped on me afterward, and as I was wet through I took off my own clothes and put on these I found hanging on the line, so that I mightn't catch cold."

It was the professional attire of the man cook, or *chef de cuisine*, that Swags had appropriated.

The cook was a stout man, but Swags was stouter, and in the white suit, with the round white cap on his head, he looked like some nondescript foreign animal.

His companions laughed heartily at the comical appearance he presented.

"I don't see what there is to laugh at," whimpered the fat youth.

"Never mind, Swagy," said the Diddler, confidentially, drawing him a little aside; "got treat in store for you."

"A treat," said Swags, opening his eyes. "What?"

"Can't tell you now—secret—let you know all in good time—mum—not a word!"

And with this mysterious communication, he bade the fat one go and enjoy himself, and dismissed him.

Swags, feeling somewhat depressed in spirits, strolled along until he reached a more retired part of the grounds.

On one of the seats sat Polly Lightbody, whom Tuppy had left for a few moments, in order to fetch a bottle of lemonade.

Swags stopped at this vision of beauty burst upon his sight, and rubbed his eyes.

"What a nice girl!" he thought, as he gazed at her.

"What a fat boy!" thought Polly, as she gazed at him.

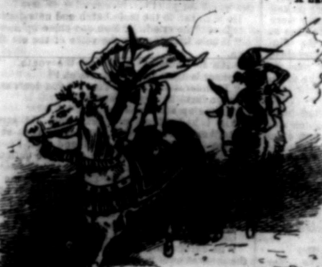
Swags felt somewhat at a loss how to proceed.

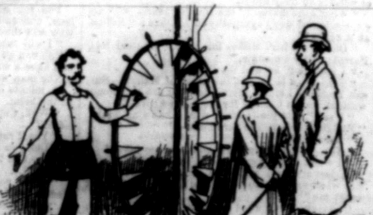
Sensations new and strange had seized upon him.

It was a case of love at first sight.

He stood leering for a moment at the young lady in a state of much mental bewilderment, and then approaching a standard rose-tree which was near, he picked one of the blossoms, and advancing to where Polly was seated, dropped on his knees before her.

"What do you want?" she asked, struggling to suppress her laughter.


THE TRICK PONIES AND MONKEYS.


EXPLAINING HIS SPECIALTY.

"I want you," returned Swags, turning up his eyes like a dying duck.

"Do you, indeed? Then you can't have me," the young lady replied.

"Don't laugh, please," entreated Swags; "I know it's an idea, but I can't help it. You're such a little duck."

"And I can't help laughing," returned Polly; "you're such a great goose."

"I know I'm rather fat. I always was from a baby; it's my nature," explained Swags; "but I'm none the worse for that, am I?"

"Yes," replied Polly, sharply; "I detest fat boys."

"But I love you with all my 'eart!" cried Swags, as he held forth the rose; "accept this tribute of affection."

Polly only laughed loudly as she said:

"Get up, do, you ridiculous, overgrown thing!"

"I can't," wailed Swags, "till you tell me you love me. If you don't I shall pine away to a skeleton."

But the young lady still laughed immoderately.

Swags grew desperate, and picking himself up he advanced a step.

"If you won't accept my rose will you give me a kiss—just one little one?"

He stooped down for the kiss, and received a stinging box on the ear instead from the delicate hand of Polly.

At the same moment there came a sharp application behind from Tuppy's toe, who had just returned.

"Oh!" he yelled; "don't."

"What do you mean by insulting my young lady?" demanded the indignant Tuppy, fiercely.

"I wasn't insulting her. I——"

He said no more, for at that moment the cork flew out of the lemonade-bottle with a loud "pop," and struck him in the eye, and he fell on his back.

A confused sensation of some one tumbling over him followed, and an angry voice growled out:

"What are you doing sprawling there, you overgrown booby?"

The next moment he was gripped violently by the neck, and turning his head round, he saw a fiery-red face and a pair of eyes glaring at him.

It was Mr. Lightbody, in a towering passion.

"I think I've seen you before, sirrah!" exclaimed the irascible gentleman. "Where was it? Ah, I remember, at Waddle's. You are the fellow who walked in his sleep, ain't you?"

"Ye—es, I am," faltered Swags; "but I couldn't help it."

"Bah!" growled Mr. Lightbody; "get up, and let me look at you."

With this he dragged him to his feet and held him at arm's length with a grasp of iron.

"The last time I saw you, you fat beast, you were in your shirt," continued Mr. Lightbody, as he contemplated him; "now I'll be hanged if I know what you've got on."

"Clothes!" gasped Swags.

"Silence! I'm going to ask you a question. And mind you answer me truly or I'll be the death of you. You know my daughter by sight?"

"Ye—es."

"Well, I've lost her. Can you give me any idea where she is?"

"She was here just now with——"

"Whom?"

"Tuppy Tunstall."

"Ah, that burglarious young rascal!" yelled the furious parent. "Which way did they go?"

"That way," returned Swags, pointing in his excitement quite in the wrong direction.

"I'll find 'em!" roared Mr. L.; "I'll——"

And hurling the fat boy into the middle of the nearest flower bed, the irritable gentleman rushed away, vowing vengeance against the youthful lovers, who had seen him coming and had quietly stolen away.

Swags, very much purturbed in his mind and shaken in his body, once more rose and retraced his steps.

Presently he encountered the Diddler, who, noticing his rueful countenance, said:

"Helloa, more troubles, eh?"

"Yes," replied Swags, dolefully, "nothing but troubles. I've been crossed in love. Would you believe it? Polly Lightbody likes that ugly Tuppy Tunstall better than me."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the Diddler, raising his eyebrows, incredulously.

"Yes. But that isn't all. I came across old Lightbody, and he called me a fat beast, and chucked me into a flower bed," groaned Swags.

"Cruel, very," returned the Diddler; "but never mind, think of the treat."

"What treat?" asked the fat youth, smacking his lips.

"Going to play a part," returned the knowing one, with a beaming smile.

"Not clown again, I hope?" he said, in an anxious tone.

"Oh, no. Cupid—charming character—costume light and airy—fleshings—spangled skirt—wings, and so on."

"But I haven't got wings."

"Wings provided, dear boy."

Swags shook his head.

"I can't do Cupid," he said.

"Oh, yes—suit you exactly—look lovely in dress—Polly see you—fall in love directly—Tuppy's nose out of joint at once."

This thought reconciled Swags, who consented, and then hurried away to get something to eat.

He had scarcely left the spot when Mr. Parrot came rushing to the Diddler, in a state of great purturbation.

"Oh, my dear fellow!" he exclaimed, "my peace of mind is entirely upset."

"What's the matter?" the Diddler asked, with an expression of deep sympathy in his face; "Miffins at it again?"

"Oh, no; it isn't Miffins this time," groaned Mr. Parrot; "it's a mangle."

"A mangle?" echoed the Diddler.

"That is—a female of the name of Mangle—Susan Mangle—I didn't invite her, but she has come without, and is hunting for me everywhere."

"I see," said the Diddler, with a knowing wink; "Mangle wants you to turn her——"

"Turn her?"

"Yes—into a Parrot—he, he!—excuse joke."

"I won't marry her, I won't!" cried old Eat-my-wig, desperately. "I'll live and die a bachelor. But what am I to do to get rid of her? Will you assist me?"

"Certainly—do what I can—delighted," said the Diddler.

"Hark! here she comes!" exclaimed Mr. Parrot, as hasty footsteps became audible, and making a sudden dive into a narrow path on one side he disappeared just as Miss Mangle came in sight.

She walked forward at a rapid pace, until she was almost close to the Diddler, when she stopped short, with a pretty affectation of modest surprise:

"Do my eyes deceive me?" she exclaimed.

The Diddler, who had settled upon his plan of action, struck an attitude, and clasped his hands, admiringly.

"'Tis she!" he cried; "fairy vision—once again—all my fancy painted her—and so on."

He then advanced and took her hand, and kissed the tips of her gloves. He meant mischief, though, the Diddler did.

"Delighted to meet you—really," said the Diddler to Miss Mangle, by way of opening the campaign.

And he again politely kissed her hand.

The ancient maiden simpered a little.

But suddenly she drew herself up stiffly, and waved the Diddler from her.

"I must not forget myself," she cried; "no; I will never forsake my Parrot! Where is he? where is my James?"

The Diddler craned his neck up the narrow path for an instant, and replied, hastily:

"Coming!"

And with this he disappeared into the adjacent shrubbery.

[To be continued.]

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# The Young Hero of Cape Ann;

OR,

## The Fishing Trip of an American Boy.

By ROGER STARBUCK.

### CHAPTER XV.

[Continued from page 214.]

"BECAUSE I love you," answered George. Now tell me if, after that, you would object to my coming to see you."

She looked up at him, their gaze met, and then her head sank upon his breast, while one of her hands glided into his.

"Is my love returned, Bertha?"

"Yes, George."

The young people both felt that the present was a perilous time for the declaration which had just been made and the innocent caresses which followed it, as the captain of the gang aboard might come below at any moment.

Bertha was finally induced by George to leave his door unfastened.

She entered her own room, and the young man then secured his door with a string on the inside.

Having partaken of the frugal repast which had been brought to him, he placed himself by the crevice at the door on the watch.

He had not long to wait. The captain soon entered the cabin, and taking from his pocket a pipe, he filled and lighted it.

George now emerged from the room, and, with a quick movement, coming up behind the man, he pulled him down upon his back, and in a moment had both hands on his throat, squeezing it so tightly that the colonist was nearly throttled.

As the youth had both knees upon his breast, in addition to the hold he had on his throat, he was thus enabled to keep him down in spite of his struggles to release himself.

Finally he let go of him with one hand and pulled his pistol from his belt.

"No noise," he said, "or I fire."

"What are you going to do?" gasped the prostrate man.

"I will not harm you if you keep quiet," said George, "and do what I tell you."

"And what is that?"

"Off with your sou'wester and your coat, in the first place."

"If you will let me up I will take them off."

"Very well. Remember, if you attempt to resist, I will shoot you."

He permitted the captain to rise as he spoke, still, however, covering him with the muzzle of the pistol.

The man looked at him a moment.

All at once he knocked aside the weapon with his fist, and sprang for the cabin steps.

Before he could reach them, however, or utter a word, George dealt him, with the butt of the pistol, a blow on the head which stunned him.

Ere he could recover the young captain had transferred the man's sou'wester to his own head, and had put on his coat. The pantaloons he wore being of blue cloth, were similar to those of the American.

The youth now hastened to raise the run-hatch which he had scarcely done when the man opened his eyes and looked about him in confusion.

Before he could collect his scattered thoughts George seized him by the shoulders and dragged him quickly to the hatch-opening, down which he allowed him to drop, feet foremost.

He then closed and fastened the hatch.

"All right, Bertha," he said, in a low voice, at the door of the young girl's apartment. "The captain of the gang is fast in the run, and they cannot hear him on deck, though he call ever so loud."

"Oh, George, take good care of yourself, now!" said Bertha.

"I will lock the companion-door on the outside, so that no person can enter the cabin," said George. "Good-by for the present."

"Good-by!" she answered; "and may God help you!"

The youth went on deck.

After shutting and locking the cabin door he walked to the wheel.

It was easy to imitate the hoarse voice of the colony captain.

The rim of the sou'wester, well down over his face, concealed his features from the helmsman, who was thus easily deceived.

"I will take the wheel, my man," said George. "You can go forward and tell all the men that they can have a watch below at present."

The man went forward.

A minute later Will Brunt made his appearance at the helm.

"Well, Captain Monk," he said, "I see you are here."

"Yes," replied George.

"Did you tell that man who was at the wheel that he and the rest might have a watch below?"

"I did."

"Don't you think it is best to have them all on deck at such a time?"

"No; there can be no danger at present. The poor fellows need rest."

Brunt stared at the speaker in surprise.

"Beg pardon, sir, but it seems to me you have grown very considerate all at once."

"It is policy, Brunt. If we wear the men out, we cannot expect much of them."

"I should think they might keep up for one night. I told them to wait until I spoke to you about that order of yours for them to go below. Really, captain, I think it's best to keep them on deck at such a time."

"Very well. I don't care," said George, who was fearful of exciting Brunt's suspicions if he persisted. "Have a good lookout kept."

"You may be sure of that. I have two men posted in the knightheads."

"Good."

"I think I will now go in the cabin and have a smoke," said Brunt, "until it is my turn to take the wheel."

"You cannot go there," said George. "I have locked the companion door."

"And why did you do that?" said Brunt, with a start of surprise.

"Because I thought it best. There is no knowing what those two women might be up to."

"They could do nothing while I was there."

"No, but I think it is best to keep the door locked. They might manage to get out at some time while you and I were out of the cabin."

"I think you are a little too careful," said Brunt. "However, I can make my quarters in the steerage just as well."

George was well pleased with the success of his ruse, thus far. As Monk's voice was one of that kind easy to imitate, he had no difficulty in this respect.

The danger of detection would be in the daytime, when a clearer light would prevent his keeping his face so well concealed.

He thus perceived the necessity of executing the plan he had in view while the gloom of night was upon the vessel.

"Better go in the steerage and take a nap, Mr. Brunt," he said; "you will feel all the better for it."

"No, sir, I don't think I could get much sleep under present circumstances. I feel at such a time like being awake and on the alert."

"You and I are alike about that," said George.

"Yes, I think we are; but do you know where I think you and I differ?"

"No."

"Well, you are a little too much inclined to spare the lives of those you get in your power, as it was, for instance, in the case of that other schooner, the *Falcon!*"

George started.

The truth flashed upon his mind. The man before him was concerned in the loss of the *Falcon's* crew!

By a few skillful remarks he could learn the whole history of the foul play which had been practiced upon the missing party, and in this way he might eventually discover Miss Palmer's father and his men.

"That was a peculiar case," he said, carelessly.

"Peculiar! I don't know as there was anything so very peculiar about it."

"I think it was only right that we spared those men's lives."

"They may turn up again and give an account of the whole affair."

"Do you think so?"

"I do. Just before we boarded the craft on that night, I am sure that I saw a sail in the distance, although you persisted that I was mistaken. We should have killed them all—have sunk their bodies and have scuttled their craft!"

"But it is evident that they were never picked up, those people of the *Falcon*. Otherwise we would by this time have heard of them."

"My theory is that they *were* picked up, but that the craft which took them aboard was afterward wrecked, and that every soul aboard of her perished. That would account for our never having heard of them since."

"Well, if that's the case, we have nothing to fear."

"Ay, but we are not *sure* that they are lost. Had we killed them all when we had it in our power to do so, we would have been certain that they would never make trouble for us."

"We did have them in our power, that's a fact."

"Ay, it was well planned. I had my eye upon that craft the moment she came upon the fishing-grounds. She was the best fisher of the whole Yankee fleet, and the way she hauled in the codfish was enough to make an Englishman turn blue. You will remember that it was I who planned her destruction with our coast gang. We followed her all the way, when she headed for the coast of Ireland for mackerel, and her men never had a suspicion of our intentions."

"It was admirably done," said George, his interest momentarily increasing.

"Ay, that it was. Was anything done neater than the way we boarded her, on that dark night, when she had but two men on the lookout? Those two fellows, at least, we were permitted to knock on the head and throw overboard. Then when we had fastened the hatches above all the rest, who were below, it would have been easy to have scuttled the craft and sent them down to the bottom."

"I did not like to do that," said George.

"No, you preferred to tie them all up, hand and foot, and set them adrift in an open boat. It was not a wise proceeding, although, it is true, a storm was coming up."

"That storm probably destroyed every soul of them."

"It may have done so, and then again it may not, although it blew a perfect hurricane."

"I don't think we need concern ourselves about those people," said George, now scarcely able to regulate his voice so as to continue the deception.

"Perhaps not, but I am afraid they were picked up, although there is a possibility that they were lost afterward. It is a pity we did not have time to scuttle the craft, after we had taken all the valuables out of her. Had not the storm been so close upon us, we could have done it. As it was, we were obliged to return, before that could be done, to our own craft."

"Yes."

"But for that storm she might have drifted down upon the northeast coast of Nova Scotia, which was not more than four hundred miles to the south of us at the time. We know now that the dismasted hulk of the *Falcon* fell into the hands of the Irish, and that it is at present aground in one of the bays of the coast, not far from here."

"Yes, we know that. But why do you think that Captain Palmer and his men, set adrift in the boat, were afterward picked up?"

"Why? And have I not told you a dozen times about that white-looking craft?"

"Oh, you mean the—the—Norwegian?"

"Norwegian? Well, she may have been a Norway ship, for all I know to the contrary. She was a dilapidated-looking vessel, any way—did not look as if she could stand much."

"Tell me all about it again. I remember it, but it is one of those peculiar things which I like to hear repeated."

"Humph! I should think you had heard it enough. It was only the other night you said you were bored by it, and did not want me to speak of it again."

"People do not always feel alike. Go on; I should like to hear it again."

"Well, then, after we returned to our craft, you will remember that it blew a hurricane, and that by daylight we were driven a good way toward the Irish coast. Well, I had the morning watch. It was just before daylight, when, out of the mist and rack that shrouded the sea, suddenly comes a craft painted of a sort of yellowish-white color, a queer-looking vessel, with shattered sails and most of her boats stoven. She was a whaler, but of what nation I could not determine. She rushed past us, driven by the gale, and was lost to view in the rack and scud two minutes later. During that brief time, however, I caught a glimpse of her quarter-deck, and I think—mind, I am not sure—that Captain Palmer was one of a group of men I saw standing there!"

"You are not sure, then?"

"Why, no. It was most too dark to be certain. But I have good eyes, and to this day I think it was he I saw."

"You could not see the name of the vessel?"

Brunt started.

"What has got into you to-night, captain? Surely you must remember that I told you I *did* see the name?"

"Oh, yes! what am I thinking of? It was the—the——"

"*Bergen*," put in Brunt. "The name was in large letters, and two lanterns hanging over the stern showed it plainly."

"Yes, yes; I will not forget it again," said George.

"Well, sir, I will now go into the steerage and have a smoke."

"Very well. I will strike the bell when I am ready for you to come up and relieve me."

Brunt went below, having first told the men that the captain had changed his mind, and that they were all to remain on deck.

The sailors grumbled so loudly that George could hear them.

"You shall have your watch below, my fine fellows, if I can manage it," said the youth to himself.

He fastened the wheel amidships by taking a turn of a rope about it, and went forward.

"Men," he said, speaking in a low voice, so as not to be heard by Brunt, "I have again changed my mind. You can all go below, but you must be ready to jump up at a moment's notice."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the response, and all the sailors, except the two on the lookout, plunged at once into the forecastle.

"I suppose we are not included, sir?" said one of the men on the lookout.

"Yes, you can go too," said George.

The men looked at him in surprise.

"We are by this time so far out," said George, "that there is no need of being so particular."

The two men were glad enough to follow their shipmates. The moment they were in the forecastle, George closed the scuttle as noiselessly as possible and barred it above them.

Evidently their suspicions were not yet excited, and George was congratulating himself on the success of his plan, when, as he turned, he found himself confronted by a figure holding a lantern in one hand and a pistol in the other.

It was Will Brunt!

"So, my fine captain!" he said, his keen, black eyes gleaming sarcastically as he surveyed the youth, "you shut your own men up in the forecastle, do you? and you think there is no need of any person's being on the lookout?"

George perceived at once that Brunt had at last divined the truth.

Evidently, the noise made by the men in tramping down into the forecastle had aroused him, and he had glided on deck in time to hear what George said to the lookout-men, and to afterward see him fasten the scuttle above them.

This had excited his suspicions, and he now held the lantern so close to the face of the disguised youth that he could not help recognizing him.

For a moment the two men glared at each other. Then Brunt pointed his pistol at the head of the young captain.

"It is all over with you now, my cove," he said, as he pulled the trigger. "I know who you are!"

Fortunately for George, the weapon hung fire.

In a moment the pistol which he had taken from Captain Monk was leveled at the head of Brunt.

The latter sprang forward and knocked it aside ere the young captain could pull the trigger.

Then he struck at him with the butt of his weapon, using his right hand, while with his left he endeavored to wrench the pistol from the grasp of his opponent.

As he jerked at the firearm it went off with a sharp report, and, clasping both hands to his forehead, he fell backward with a groan.

The bullet had passed through his head, and a few minutes later he was a dead man.

"It was his own fault," muttered George, as he looked down at the motionless form. "He has killed himself. I would not have killed him, had it been possible to avoid it."

The sound of the pistol had alarmed the men in the forecastle, and they were now shouting to be let out, while they thumped at the scuttle.

"Keep quiet there, and don't try to force open the scuttle!" cried George. "If you do it will be the worse for you!"

He then ran to the main hatch and unfastened it.

"Tom!" he cried. "You can come up now!"

"Who's that?" came the voice of the old fisherman.

"It's I—George!" answered the youth. "The schooner is again in our possession!"

"Thunderation!" cried Tom; "you don't say so! How on 'arth have you done it?"

"Come up and I will tell you."

"If I had wings, my dear boy, I'd sartainly come," cried Tom; "but not having any—at least not yet—and being tied hand and foot, I couldn't possibly git up there until my cords are untied."

"Oh, so they have made you fast?"

"Fast don't express it. They've made me more than fast, seeing as I am not only bound, but the infarnal rascals have got a musket here a-pointing at me, so that if I go to move, it will be discharged and the contents lodged in my *corpus!*"

George sprang into the hold.

"Be careful, my boy," said Tom. "Don't touch the musket until you git a light, or off it goes, and it'll be all up with your friend."

The young captain again went on deck to procure a lantern.

At length he found one in the steerage, and, having lighted it, he returned to the hold.

He could now see exactly how Old Tom was situated.

The prisoner lay upon his back, bound, as he had said, while a piece of cord was tried to the trigger of a musket, placed at full cock, with the muzzle pointing directly at his head, so that a very slight movement would cause it to go off.

"It's the work of that cussed Indian-blooded varmint!" cried Tom. "He it was who made the arrangement, and I swear to gracious it made my blood bile to see how coolly he went about it!"

"He will trouble you no more," said George. "He is dead!"

"Dead? Marciful heavens and 'arth!" cried Tom, in a voice of great delight; "this is good news!"

The young captain, as soon as he had removed the musket and cut the cords that bound his chum, explained how he had come to regain possession of the craft.

"Ay, ay, it was certainly well done!" said Tom. "George, my boy, you are a trump—you *are* smart—darn me if you ain't!"

"Although the schooner is at present in our possession," continued George, "there is no telling how long it will be. Do you hear those rascals thumping at the scuttle? I am afraid they will force it. We must be there—you with the musket and I with the pistol—to shoot down the first man that tries to come on deck, if they succeed in opening that scuttle."

"Ay, ay, I'm with you there," cried Old Tom; "but who is to steer the craft in the meantime?"

"We will have to request Miss Palmer to do that."

"God bless that girl! If there was ever a saint on 'arth, she's one!"

"You speak the truth there, Old Tom. Now for it!"

He climbed to the deck, followed by his friend.

Tom went to the scuttle, while George hurried below to the cabin.

He knocked at the door of Bertha's room.

"Fear nothing," he said. "It is George."

The door was immediately opened.

"The schooner is ours!" said the youth.

"Oh, George!" cried Bertha, joyfully, as she threw herself upon his bosom.

He folded her in his arms and kissed her again and again.

"Well, I declare!" said Jenny, "if this doesn't beat all!"

In some come confusion, the two young people withdrew from each other's arms.

"I came to ask you if you would take the wheel," said George to the young girl. "Tom and I will have to station ourselves by the scuttle."

"Gladly," answered Bertha. "I know how to steer."

"And so do I," said Jenny. "I will relieve you when you get tired. Is my brother safe?" she added, turning to George.

"He is safe."

In a few words George explained all.

"Has the captain made much noise there in the run?" he inquired.

"Yes, he has been calling to be let out, and has been beating at the hatch," said Bertha. "At one time he rattled it so that I was afraid he might get out. He had loosened the hooks that fasten it, and Jenny and I had to put a crowbar through the iron rings to keep it down."

"Let me out, you rascal, or you will be sorry," cried Monk, at that moment, from the run.

"We are in no hurry," answered George. "You will stay where you are for the present."

He then went on deck, followed by the two women.

Bertha took her place at the wheel, and George having shown her what course he wished her to steer, went forward and joined his friend.

The men in the forecastle were banging furiously at the scuttle.

Both George and Tom ordered them to desist, but they would not obey.

The scuttle was made of strong wood, and was fastened down by two iron bars, thrust through rings on each side.

The blows delivered against it, evidently with an ax, soon knocked out one of the staples.

A man's head emerged through the opening, which it had no sooner done than it received a stunning blow from the butt of Old Tom's musket.

"Git back—every one of ye!" he shouted, "or I swear to gracious I'll pile ye all on top of each other as if you were so many codfish. We've got the vessel now, and darn me if we're going to let it out of our hands again!"

The men made a rush in a body for the scuttle opening, but they beheld a pistol and a musket pointed at them, while the stern voice of George rang upon their ears.

"Keep back! keep back! We will blow out the brains of the first man who tries to come out on deck!"

As the sailors had no firearms, they drew sullenly back from the opening, and the next moment their voices were heard, apparently in consultation.

"They will try to beat down the bulkhead between the hold and the forecastle," said George. "Better go and fasten the hatch, so that they cannot come up from the hold, even if they succeed in getting into it."

"Ay, ay; and is the door leading from the cabin bulkhead into the hold locked?"

"Yes," said George, "that is locked and bolted; but you had better fasten the companion door also," he added, passing the key to his friend.

Old Tom soon had the hatch and also the door secured.

Then he returned to the side of the young captain.

At the same moment, the blows of the men below were heard, as they commenced to beat at the bulkhead.

"One of them has an ax, and will soon have it down," said Old Tom; "but it will not do them much good."

"If they get into the hold," said George, "it will not take them long to force their way into the cabin. All our muskets are there. They must not be permitted to get possession of them."

"Ay, ay, my boy; I didn't think of that."

"I will go and bring them up on deck," said George.

He ran aft, and was soon in the cabin.

As he entered it, he heard a loud crash, which betokened that the bulkhead was beaten down, followed by the yells of the gang, who now rushed into the hold.

A minute later they were banging at the door leading into the cabin.

George seized three of the muskets and hurried on deck with them.

He returned for more, but they were scarcely in his arms when the door showed signs of giving way.

In fact, just as he reached the foot of the cabin steps, away it went, and the gang came pouring in.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE COMBAT.

THE young captain now perceived at a glance that he would be overtaken ere, with his load, he could gain the deck.

Instead of keeping on, therefore, he sprang behind a table in the middle of the apartment, and placing all but one of the loaded muskets on the floor, he took aim with that he held at the party.

They all paused, glowering at him fiercely.

"The first that comes a step nearer," cried the youth, "gets my bullet in his body."

"Better surrender, you cursed Yankee!" cried one. "Here are a dozen of us, and it is not likely your musket is going to frighten us."

"If there were fifty of you," answered George, "five of you would have to bite the deck before you could overpower me. I have three loaded muskets here and a pistol, besides the piece I now hold."

The men looked at each other.

"Let's make a rush on him," said one.

"Ay, ay, that's what we must do," cried another. "If not he can keep us standing here all night!"

Another of the gang whispered something to a shipmate.

The whisper was passed round from one to the other.

"Agreed!" cried the person who had first spoken.

As he said this he suddenly smashed the cabin lamp with his ax, and extinguished it.

George and his opponents were thus left in total darkness, so that the youth could not now see to aim his musket.

A deep silence followed.

George vainly endeavored to pierce the darkness to get a glimpse of his foes.

He could see nothing of them now.

All at once he felt some person clutching at his legs.

He was pulled down, falling upon his side, his musket going off as he went.

Strong hands were now upon him; something rose up before him in the gloom.

"We have him!" came a fierce voice.

"Hit him hard with the ax, Bill!" cried another.

At that moment a light flashed into the cabin.

Old Tom, musket in one hand and lantern in the other, was seen half way down the cabin steps.

The light showed him his young friend prostrated, held by rough men, while another had lifted an ax above him to dash out his brains!

"Avast there, you infernal devils!" cried the old tar, as he dropped his lantern on a step and took aim with the musket.

There was a loud report.

The man with the ax fell back dead, shot through the head.

The hold upon George was loosened.

The youth sprang to his feet.

A savage clutch was made at him.

He seized his musket, which had fallen on the table when he was pulled down, and struck right and left at his opponents with the butt of his piece.

Old Tom, also striking out with his, had leaped amongst the gang, but three of the latter had now provided themselves with the muskets the youth had placed upon the floor, and picking them up, they proceeded to cock them.

"We'd better get out of this!" cried Tom, to the young captain. "We can do nothing more here."

By this time George had fought his way to the cabin-steps, and he now followed Tom to the deck, which they reached just as the three muskets were fired.

A roll of the vessel fortunately prevented them from being struck.

As the gang rushed up the steps, the two friends closed and fastened the cabin-door.

"Now, then, what are we to do?" said Old Tom. "I'm afraid we'll lose the craft again, after all."

"Better surrender than peril your lives further!" cried Bertha.

"No, we will not surrender!" cried George. "True, they are armed, but so are we. We have four loaded muskets now on deck. Tom, you go and fasten down the forecastle scuttle, while I see what I can do here."

Tom went forward.

By means of ropes he succeeded in fastening down the scuttle.

Then he returned to his friend, who was busy piling up and lashing spars across the cabin-door.

Meanwhile, the gang were striking at it furiously.

"It will take them some time to cut away those spars, even if they succeed in breaking the door," said George, when the work was finished.

"Ay, ay, it's a capital idea," said Old Tom.

As yet, not another shot had been fired by the gang.

"They're afraid of wasting their shots if they fire through the door," said Tom.

"No, they are not able to find the ammunition. They do not know where it is kept," said George.

"We must be careful of ours, my boy," said Old Tom. "We have none on deck except what's in our muskets."

"True, and for that reason we must not fire through the door, as we will only waste what we have."

All at once the banging at the door ceased.

"What are the infarnal rascals up to now, I wonder?" said Tom.

"They have split open the door," said George, "and they see the spars we have lashed across it. Their next attempt will be at the scuttle."

"Ay," said Tom, "and we must stand ready there. Darn 'em! they won't git on deck without a struggle for it."

The two men went forward and posted themselves by the scuttle.

Soon they heard the gang striking at it. It was evident that the scuttle would be forced open in a few minutes.

George and his companion pointed their muskets toward it.

"Keep back!" shouted the young captain, "or we will fire upon you!"

But even as he spoke the scuttle was forced open, and a couple of muskets were leveled at the two men.

The four pieces were discharged simultaneously.

Owing to their position, the men in the opening missed their aim, their bullets whistling past the Americans as the schooner rolled.

With a simultaneous yell of pain, they dropped their weapons, each of them struck in the arm by the shot from the guns of their opponents!

As they blocked the way, the others could not come up immediately.

While they were endeavoring to reach the deck, George and his friend stood with their muskets clubbed, resolved to try to keep them back, as not more than two could advance at once.

At length, the wounded men having made their way into the forecastle, their companions rushed up the steps.

But as fast as they thrust their heads through the opening, they were beaten back by the weapons wielded by Old Tom and his young partner.

Suddenly a noise was heard at the main hatch.

"Thunderation!" cried Old Tom. "Some of them are at the main! They will break open the hatch and close in upon us from behind!"

In fact, it seemed as if this must soon take place.

The ax, plied with vigor, was fast forcing loose the hatch.

The two Americans could not go there, as it was as much as they could do to keep back the men who were at the forecastle-scuttle.

It was at this critical moment that a rough hail was heard coming out of the mist that shrouded the waters near the schooner.

"Schooner ahoy!"

"It's all up with us," said Tom. "That comes from the cutter—the English boat."

"I am not so sure of that," said George. "You stay here, Tom, while I go and find out who they are."

So saying, he sprang to the rail.

"Ahoy there! Who is it?" he shouted.

Peering through the gloom, he fancied he could see the dim outlines of two boats close aboard.

Several minutes elapsed, and then a voice responded: "It is I."

"And who are you?" said George, unable, owing to the din made by those who were beating at the hatch, to recognize the voice.

"It is I—Coleman," repeated the person who had hailed. "Is that you, captain?"

"Ay, ay," answered George. "Thank God for this. Come aboard as quick as you can, Coleman."

Scarcely had he spoken, when the two boats came dashing alongside.

George threw a rope. It was caught by one of the men, and both boats were quickly made fast to the schooner.

The men sprang aboard just as the coast gang succeeded in breaking open the main hatch, and were getting out on deck.

"Now, boys," said George, heading them, "we have only to overcome these rascals and the craft is ours."

Picking up handspikes, crowbars, and what few muskets there were on deck, Coleman and his party rushed upon the gang, who, after a brief combat, were forced to take refuge in the hold.

The hatch was fastened over them. The forecastle scuttle was also again secured.

"This is a fortunate turn of affairs," said George, after he had placed a man at the wheel to relieve Bertha.

"Yes," said the young girl. "Thank Heaven they came in time to save you."

"How did you find the schooner?" said George to Coleman.

"All accident," answered the mate. "We have been heading this way and that ever since we saw those two boats that boarded you. We thought it best to keep out of sight, as they had not yet seen us, and await some favorable moment to make a dash for the schooner and retake her."

"You did right," said George. "Had you come aboard, you could have done little against so many."

"So I thought. Well, we kept on after the schooner as well as we could in the fog, but we had little hope of ever reaching her again. Chance, however, has favored us."

"Ay, ay," said George; "there has been a good deal of tacking, and that brought the schooner in your vicinity. You have seen nothing of the cutter which is in search of you?"

"We have seen no cutter—was there a cutter?"

"Yes, one of the boats was from the sloop-of-war. After boarding us, the lieutenant in charge went in search of you."

"It is lucky we missed him," said Coleman. "Tell me all about it, sir."

George then gave an account of all that had transpired aboard the schooner during the absence of his two boats.

Daylight was now breaking, but the fog was as thick as ever.

"We may as well rid ourselves of those rascals in the hold," said George. "We will pack them into their boat and send them off. They will only interfere with our plans by being in the way."

"Ay, ay, my boy," said Old Tom. "They desarve to be cracked on the head and thrown overboard, as that is the way they would have sarved us; but as things are, as we are civilized creatur's, we will jist set 'em adrift."

Accordingly, the prisoners were all brought up and made to enter their boat, which was then cut adrift.

They soon disappeared in the fog, heading toward the coast, not, however, until they had shaken their fists at their late opponents and heaped curses upon them.

The bodies of Will Brunt and the other man who had been shot were then launched overboard, with weights attached to them to make them sink.

[To be continued.]

"The Young Hero of Cape Ann" was commenced in No. 678.

# Through the Heart of Japan.

**By COMMODORE AH-LOOK,**

Author of "Keep your Bounds," "Inventive Ben," "Orville and Dan," "The Chums at Harvard College," Etc.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### IN WHICH NAMI COMES TO GRIEF.

"YOUR what?" demanded Benkei.

"My *ronin*," said Johnnie, winking comically. "It's the best thing yet, chums. I've got him as nicely as a pig in a bag."

He led the way into a refreshment-house bearing the high-sounding name of "The Royal Tea-flower."

When they were seated he ordered tea, and after it was served related his adventures with the *ronin*.

"What do you intend doing with him?" asked Orville, who, like the rest of the party, could not avoid laughing at Brackett's comical trick.

"I desire to disabuse his mind of its false spirit of Old Japan, and to illuminate it with the spirit of Young America," said Johnnie. "I'm a phrenologist, and have examined that poor fellow's bumps. He has numbers seven, nine and eleven very large—is courageous, faithful, and a true friend."

"Oh, gammon!" cried Dan. "You can't play phrenology on to us, Brack. You know it's all a humbug."

"A prophet never was worth a red in his own country," murmured Johnnie. "You may sneer, my friends, but there is a lot of truth in my science."

"The man will be beheaded for stealing those swords from the relic-house," said Nami.

"No, he will not," smilingly answered the joker. "You go to the head bonze with me, and I will fix it. Boys, I want to help this enemy of mine. I think if Benkei talks to him a little, and we all try our best, he will see the error of his ways. He only wants a show."

"Chum," said Benkei, "give me your hand. With all your faults you are a good fellow. Yes, we will try and convince the poor waif that it is better to work for one's country than to die for it."

"Now you've hit the ten-spot," chuckled Brackett.

"Yes, you're right," said Orville.

"I agree with you," put in Dan.

"So do I," remarked Don Mortimer. "We foreigners have sent too many Nihonese to the executioner."

"I don't see how you will get out of this sword scrape," observed Nami. "The *Dai-bozu* will make a row over it."

"I'll say I took them for a lark," said Johnnie. "I'm the Mikado's guest, and they'll forgive me anything."

"I'll tell you of a better plan than that," suggested Dan. "We will request to be shown the relics, and while the bonzes are engaged in describing them you can slip back the swords."

"Your head is level," said Benkei. "If the police report this, which I doubt, as I have taken charge of it, I will explain matters. Dan's idea is excellent. Come, let us visit the relic-house."

After paying the waiters, they started for the temple, Johnnie taking great care to conceal the swords in his sleeves.

An immense crowd was assembled about the building, it being the day for the yearly exhibition of the relics.

"Open the door! Open the door!" shouted the people.

"Come round to the private entrance," said Nami. "I know the way."

He conducted them by a roundabout way among booths and tea-houses, to a rear door; then addressing the porter, said:

"Please tell the *Dai-bozu* that the American guests of the Mikado are here and desire to be admitted."

"Oh, Mr. Nami," groaned the man, who was evidently in great tribulation, "the *Dia-bozu* is in a heap of trouble, and cannot open the exhibition. You saw the clamoring crowd at the front entrance?"

"Yes," nodded the artist; "what about it?"

"This!" moaned the man, beating his forehead with his hands. "Some sacrilegious wretch has stolen the swords of Asano Takumi-no-Kami, the weapons with which Oishi Kuran-no-suke avenged his lord. The *Dai-bozu* is turning everything upside down, and swears——"

"Swears!" cried Johnnie, affecting great horror. "Does the great bonze swear like any other man?"

The porter was about to explain, when the door was thrown open, and the *Dai-bozu*, stripped to his girdle-cloth, came out, wringing his hands and crying:

"Oh, this is terrible! They are *gone!* they are *gone!*"

"Calm yourself, most venerable sir," said Benkei, bowing profoundly. "Here are my American friends who desire to see the arms and garments worn by the Forty-seven."

"It is no use—they cannot be admitted—they cannot be admitted!" piteously exclaimed the poor old fellow. "Oh, I will give a hundred *yen* (dollars) to any one who can tell me where those things are hidden. I sent for a clairvoyant, but he only scratched his ear."

"A bonze invoke the aid of a clairvoyant?" murmured the artist-printer. "*Chii*—that is a jolly good joke."

"Most venerable *Dai-bozu*," said Benkei, "these gentlemen are guests of the Mikado, who has ordered they shall go everywhere as they desire. Perhaps they may find the swords."

"Enter, enter!" groaned the old man, who was perfectly crazy. "I do not care. I mean the Mikado's guests are most welcome!"

"*Ha-yakir!*" (hurry up) whispered Benkei, as the bonze prostrated himself before a statue of Kuanon, that stood in the porch. "In you go, chums. This is lucky!"

They entered, and marching into the relic-room, found a number of bonzes hunting for the missing swords.

"Who are you, who dare intrude at this time?" fiercely demanded one of the searchers, whose body, like those of his companions, was covered with sweat-moistened dust. "Get out of here; the relics are not yet ready for exhibition!"

"Gently, gently, my friend!" answered Benkei, displaying the imperial order. "These gentlemen are the Mikado's guests! You retire and bathe yourselves!"

"You are my old brother, Benkei of Iburi, are you not?" exclaimed the bonze, gaping at Ben. "I have heard of your adventures in America."

"Yes, I am your former companion," smilingly answered the good fellow. "I know those relics very well, and will describe them to my friends. You can trust me with the sacred articles."

"You are most kind! We are choking with dust and tired out with our search," respectfully answered the young bonze.

After performing the Respectful Salutation he retired with his companions, leaving the chums and the artist Nami in possession of the room.

Benkei raised one end of a pile of old armor and garments, and whispered to Johnnie in English:

"Quick! Hide the swords under here!"

As may be imagined, Brackett obeyed.

Scarcely was this accomplished ere the *Dai-bozu* entered, accompanied by a clairvoyant.

"Try again, on Yama-nouchi!" urged the agitated old man. "If the swords are not found I shall die!"

The clairvoyant gazed quietly at the heap of boxes, old rags and chain-armor, scraps of costumes, old gauntlets, pieces of sword-handles, crests, spear-heads, dirks, and other weapons, then oracularly remarked:

"The old man who hunted for his spectacles
Discovered them on the top of his head."

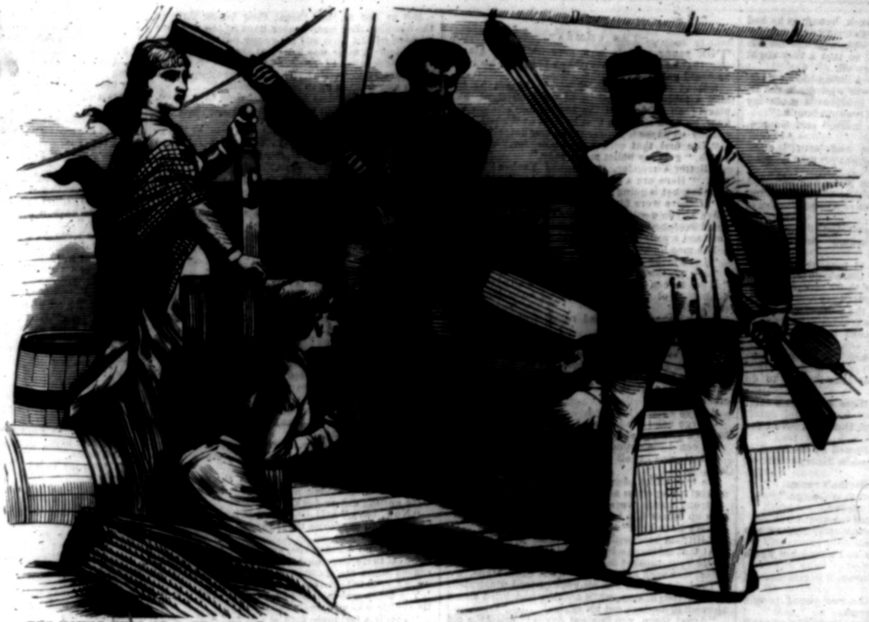
"Do you mean to say the swords have never been lost?" exclaimed the *Dai-bozu*.

"I will ascertain!" said the clairvoyant. "We often find the lost sandal on the foot."

He was a solemn-faced man, and spoke in a deep, tragic voice, spite of which his eyes twinkled as though his soul were full of fun.

Bidding the strangers seat themselves by the window, overlooking a miniature garden in the rear of the building, he said:

"Behold those tiny trees, dwarfed by man's ingenuity until they are not higher than a *saki* kettle.



THE YOUNG HERO OF CAPE ANN.—"A MAN'S HEAD EMERGED THROUGH THE OPENING, WHICH IT HAD NO SOONER DONE THAN IT RECEIVED A STUNNING BLOW FROM THE BUTT OF OLD TOM'S MUSKET."—SEE PAGE 230.

Look at yonder rookery, representing, in the space of a few cubits, the scenery of a district. Is it not wonderful?"

All present gazed out upon the objects, and Johnnie said:

"Yes, it is as you say; but what has that got to do with the missing swords?"

When they turned toward the clairvoyant, they saw that the man was apparently asleep.

After a moment or two he began to talk, saying:

"I see the garments—the arms of the immortal heroes—buried beneath them—are—the—sword and dirk of Asano and of the faithful Oishi."

"Wonderful!" ejaculated the old bonze, who, like a hen scratching gravel, began to dig among the relics, crying: "Ah, Yama-nouchi, *you* are the clairvoyant for my money. I see the handle of Oishi's sword. Hurrah!"

The operator opened his eyes, smiling grimly as he did so, as much as to say:

"Yes, I'm the original and only Jacobs."

It was amusing to see Benkei and his friends choke their desire to laugh.

Orville glanced out at the dwarf trees and whispered to Dan:

"Funny, isn't it?"

"Don't talk to me," pleaded his brother, behind his fan. "I shall yell if you do."

"I shall burst if I can't get out of this," groaned Don to Ben, in English. "Are not those fellows jolly frauds?" Benkei bit his lips and mastered his merriment, then answered: "Have you no frauds like them in the Land of Freedom?"

"Our clairvoyants are real ones," grinned Johnnie.

"So are *ours!*" chuckled Ben. "You know what the poet says:

'Let not the tongs abuse the *hibachi*.'" (Fire bowl.)

"We put it this way," murmured Brackett. "It does not do for the pot to call the kettle black."

The *Dai-bozu* was holding up the swords triumphantly, the clairvoyant was regarding him with merry eyes, and the artist-printer, Nami, was sketching the incident.

"*Arigato, arigato*" (Thank you, thank you) said the old man. "I will give you a charm worth five hundred *yen* and we'll call this little affair quits!"

"Not by a rice-jar full of money, you won't!" muttered the clairvoyant. "My price for discovering the missing swords is a hundred *yen!* Come, pay up!"

It was comical enough to hear the pair squabble over the affair, and the chums took the opportunity to have a good laugh.

"Come," said Benkei, as they stopped through exhaustion. "The *Dai-bozu* desires us to leave, in order that he may have the relics returned to their boxes! We wish you, holy man, and you, great clairvoyant, a speedy settlement to your quarrel!"

When they reached the open air, Johnnie said:

"Are not your bonzes big rascals?"

"Yes, some of them," replied Benkei. "Now, chum, I want you to promise me that you'll never play another trick like the one you did this morning? *Hara-kiri* is to a Japanese a sacred act—a noble one! You burlesqued what we deem a grand deed!"

"Ben, old chum!" was the laughing response, "I own I trod on your national custom, but it is high time the latter were abolished! Years ago, we Americans used to think it honorable to shoot any one at sight who offended us—*we are learning better!* Nothing knocks the romance out of a thing like burlesque! Bless you, I saw your folks grinning at me like everything; besides," winking, "the Mikado has abolished the act! You'll think of me if ever you undertake to perform such a piece of folly—won't you, chum?"

Benkei's eyes rolled and his lips twitched, as he answered:

"How would your boys regard a Japanese who would propose to abolish firing pistols, et cetera, on the glorious Fourth of July?"

"I think they'd go for him!" was Johnnie's answer. "The Fourth is one of our institutions, and all the city councils in the States can't stop the boys from shooting on that day!"

"Do you consider it a *sensible* proceeding?" inquired Benkei, quite seriously.

"Well, no!" said the wag. "We think it is patriotic to bang away a lot of powder and firecrackers; and, you bet, we'll keep it up just as long as there are boys raised!"

"I'm afraid it's the same with *hara-kiri!*" was the doctor's quiet rejoinder. "Each country has its peculiarities, and our custom yearly demands less victims than yours!"

"You are right," said Orville. "The number of lives lost on each Fourth of July is something fearful to think about. It is the American *hara-kiri!*"

"Re-cor-ded," cried Johnnie, imitating the secretary of one of the Harvard societies. "Say, chums, did you notice my baggage?"

"By Jingo!" ejaculated Dan, "we've shipped it!"

"You've what?" yelled Brackett. "Why, all my things are in it. I don't mean to wear this rig for good. I wrote a letter to my mother, and it's in my big trunk. My land alive, haven't you made a muddle of this! They will have put it down in the hold and piled it up with cargo."

"We'd best return to Tokio right away and telegraph to the captain," suggested Orv.

"All right!" nodded Johnnie. "You have seen the show here, and as the people are filling themselves with *saké*, it is as well we do not remain. I'll find out how my *ronin* is getting along, and will follow you with him."

"But, my dear fellow, you never mean to say you're going to take him to the *yashiki*, do you?" inquired Don Mortimer. "When he sobers off he will want to kill somebody."

"Don't you worry, old boy," was the joker's cool answer. "I tell you I am going to imbue the *ronin* with the spirit of young America. You see about my baggage and leave him to me."

They knew it was useless to argue, so, leaving him with the artist, Nami, returned to the spot where they had left their man-drawn carriages and were soon *en route* for the city.

As Johnnie and his companions walked toward "The Ronins' Vow," they overheard some loud talk concerning the presence of foreigners at the *matsuri*.

"I think it is like their impudence," said one.

"Yes," cried a second, "they could enter the relic-house, while we, natives of the country, had to cool our heels outside."

"Hush your mouth!" sadly remarked an old man. "They are guests of the Tenno."

Brackett felt it was just as well he was in native costume. Upon reaching the *saké*-shop Johnnie inquired for the *ronin*.

"Listen!" said the proprietor, who had one eye closed, a cut upon his cheek, and his arm in a sling. "Listen, both of you."

Johnnie and Nami did as they were requested, and presently heard a man raving in one of the outbuildings.

"That's your friend!" savagely continued the *saké*-seller. "An hour ago he aroused himself, entered this saloon, assaulted me and a dozen of my people, and seizing a big cup of *saké*, marched off into my private room and dared any one to touch him."

"Oh, I'll soon fix him," calmly remarked Brackett. "Come along, Nami. I'm not afraid."

"Take a simple person's advice and leave him alone," cautiously answered the artist. "He is out of his senses."

As he spoke, a door at the end of the saloon was thrown open, and Kura sprang into the place.

He was armed with an immense wooden mallet, such as is used for hulling rice; his face was scarlet with rage, and altogether he looked more like a demon than a man.

Swinging the heavy instrument as easily as a child does a toy stick, he rushed at the artist, and ere Johnnie could interpose, even if he could have done anything with such a maniac, he struck Nami a fearful blow upon the skull, then tossing the mallet through a window, folded his arms and yelled:

"They took my swords. Now I am avenged!"

Brackett, pale as a sheet, raised the artist in his arms, and gazing upon the poor fellow's face, from which the blood ran in a stream, exclaimed:

"He's dead! Oh, he's dead! This is awful!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

### A GENUINE VICTORY.

NAMI, fortunately for his skull, wore a thickly padded, lacquered leather hat.

The *mawatta* silk lining broke the force of the blow and saved his life.

Even as it was, the artist had received an ugly crack.

After a few moments he began to revive, noticing which the proprietor of the shop came forward and assisted Johnnie to tend him. They placed the poor fellow in a comfortable position upon the *tokonoma* (divan), and gave him some rice brandy.

While Brackett was thus engaged, the *ronin* remained like a statue, with his arms akimbo, savagely regarding their movements.

He did not attempt to escape.

Presently Nami spoke, saying:

"For a good whack on the head, give me a blow with a rice-mallet."

"You are all right now," remarked Johnnie. "Your hat saved your life."

"Yes, it is a good article," faintly replied the artist, smiling in spite of his wound. "The maker, as usual, assured me it would bear any sort of usage—for once he spoke the truth;" adding, as he turned his head and noticed Kura: "Now that *ronin* has had his revenge, why does he remain here?"

Brackett rose from his kneeling position beside his wounded friend and whispered to the proprietor of the shop:

"Have you a big sack?"

"For what purpose do you require it?" asked the man. "Oh, sir, why did you bring that big brute of a *ronin* here? If his act gets noised abroad the authorities will close my establishment and I shall be ruined!"

"Don't cry out before you are killed!" chuckled Johnnie. "You just hunt up a good, big, strong bag and I'll secure that rooster!"

"Bag him?" murmured the man, regarding Kura cautiously. "He will kill you! See how he has knocked me about!"

Kura, who was evidently listening, glanced at the last speaker with contempt and said, in a loud, bombastic manner:

"I am—the (hic)—Spirit of Old Japan!"

"You procure what I want and leave him to me," whispered Brackett to the landlord.

"All right!" said the man, as he hurriedly made his exit.

When the proprietor was out of hearing, Johnnie opened his right hand, and, advancing toward the *ronin*, said:

"Brother Kura, don't you know me?"

"I'm the *Yamato Damashi*," sternly replied Kura. "Go away!"

At that instant the *saké*-dealer tossed a big, coarse cotton cloth bag into the room, then retired and closed the door. Brackett quietly picked up the article, and, unfolding it, said to the *ronin*, who watched his act with drunken gravity: "I am a conjurer! Look in this bag and you will see a kettle of rice-brandy!"

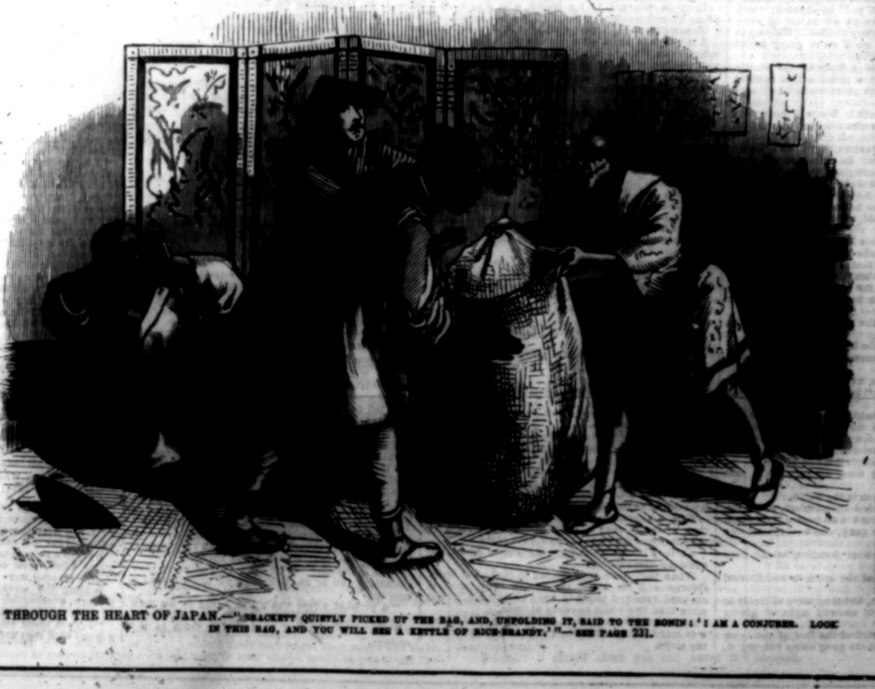
As he said this he fearlessly advanced toward the man. Kura did as he was requested.

In an instant Johnnie slipped the bag over his victim's head and arms.

Having accomplished which, he pulled it down about the fellow's waist, gave him a push and sent him sprawling, shouting, as he did so, to the landlord:

"Quick—some rope!"

His act tickled Nami, who had assumed a sitting position and was



THROUGH THE HEART OF JAPAN.—"BRACKETT QUIETLY PICKED UP THE BAG, AND, UNFOLDING IT, SAID TO THE RONIN: 'I AM A CONJURER. LOOK IN THIS BAG, AND YOU WILL SEE A KETTLE OF RICE-BRANDY.'"—SEE PAGE 231.

holding his aching head between his hands.

"Here!" he cried, unwinding his sash, which he threw to his friend; "take that and secure his legs!"

The bag fitted so closely that Kura could not move his arms.

Brackett picked up the girdle, and, winding it about the prisoner's lower limbs, soon had him bound like a wild beast.

"Now, what are you going to do with him?" faintly demanded the artist. "You have what we term undertaken to pick mulberries off a thorn-bush!"

"How are you getting along?" inquired the landlord, peeping in at the door. "Have you bagged him?"

"There he is!" coolly answered the wag. "Listen. I declare he's snoring!"

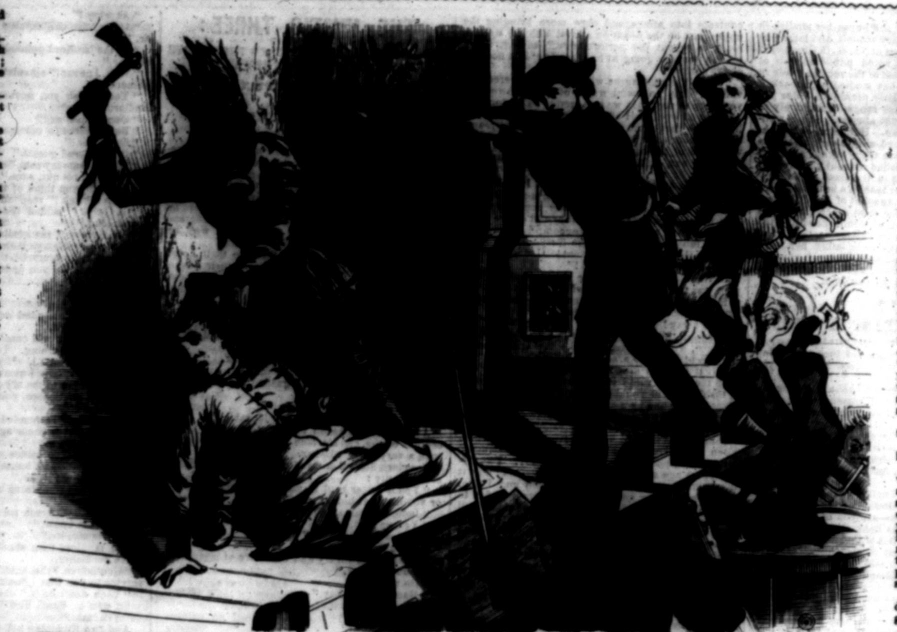
The proprietor did as he was requested, and, after a pause, said:

"Most honorable sir, please to remove your friend. I am afraid every moment the police will arrive to arrest you!"

"How can I get him to the place where I left my *jin-riki-sha*?" asked Johnnie.

"I will have him carried to Tokio in my *norimon*," said the man. "And your wounded friend?"

"I can walk to the entrance," remarked Nami. "One does not feel exhilaratad after receiving such a crack as that crazy fellow gave me; still, I am quite thick-headed, and can stand a severe blow!" Brackett paid the proprietor, and when the *norimon* was brought to the door the landlord and his assistants conveyed the bagged man out of the house and deposited him in the litter.



THE MYSTIC THREE.—"'DROP HER, YOU RED RUFFIAN!' SIM YELLED. 'DROP HER, OR DOWN GOES YOUR HOUSE!' AND HE LEVELED HIS RIFLE AT THE ASTONISHED SWAMPING BUFFALO."—SEE PAGE 234.

"Where shall we take him?" asked the bearers.

"Follow me," said Johnnie; "I am a guest of the Mikado, and reside in a *yashiki* on Sakurada Avenue!"

The departure of the *norimon* caused quite a sensation among the pretty waitresses of the *saké*-shop, who crowded out into the veranda, and passed very complimentary remarks concerning Brackett's bravery.

*Sai-o-nara!*" they cried. "Come again, noble Sama!"

Johnnie and Nami saluted them merrily, then proceeded down the hill to the gate, at which they had left their vehicles.

"I am sorry I got you into trouble, old man!" said Brackett to his companion.

"Oh, I am not much hurt!" answered Nami. "I have picked up incidents enough to pay me for the inconvenience of the blow on my head. What worries me is, how ever will you be able to tame that *ronin*."

"I'll fix him," chuckled the wag. "I know a trick for taming mules, and guess it will work with Kura."

They entered their Pullman cars, and, followed by the *norimon*, started for Tokio.

On arriving at the *yashiki* they found that Orville, Dan and Benkei had gone to Yokohama to procure Johnnie's baggage.

Don Mortimer was the only one of the chums at home, and he strongly objected to admitting the bagged *ronin* to the building.

"It's no use talking, Mort," quietly replied Brackett. "I can't turn this poor fellow out, and let him fall into the hands of the police. He would be decapitated. Take him into my room, boys."

The bearers did as they were commanded, and Kura was shot out on to the matted floor.

"Now, what are you going to do with him?" demanded the artist. "When he sobers off he will want to kill you."

"Don't you worry, old friend," was the wag's confident reply. "I've started to convert Brother Kura, and mean to turn him into a respectable member of society."

Nami lighted his pipe and chatted with Don, while Johnnie operated on the *ronin*.

First he cut off the end of the bag, so as to give Kura plenty of air.

When he had retied it about his prisoner's neck he placed him in a comfortable position, then left him snoring on the *tokonoma*, and, accompanied by Nami and Don Mortimer, returned to the reception-room, where they sat down to a delicious meal of fish, rice and fruits.

"The boys will not be back until to-morrow noon," said Don. "Say, Johnnie, get rid of that drunken beast of a *ronin*. I shall dream of swords and assassinations all night if you don't."

"You're worse than that Englishman, Sir Rutherford Alcock, who wrote a book to prove the Japanese were a race of savage cutthroats!" grinned his chum. "It was all through my folly the poor fellow became crazy. I gave him the *saké*, and will stand by him if it takes me all the Winter. I tell you, Kura's phrenological organs are something wonderful. Give him a show, boys."

"I bet you a new hat you won't tame him," said Mortimer.

"And so will I," observed Nami. "I admire your idea, but those Samurai are too high-spirited to yield to you foreigners."

Johnnie booked the wagers, and as the meal was over, retired to his room, where he found Kura coming to his senses.

Closing the door, he advanced to the bound man and said:

"Brother, how do you feel?"

Kura scowled.

"It's no use making faces," good-naturedly continued Johnnie. "Brace yourself up, my friend, and have some style about you."

"I'd like to kill you!" savagely remarked his prisoner. "You have deceived me. You are the same *To-jin baka* (foreign idiot) who threw the spit-ball in my eye."

"I am," cheerfully responded the joker. "It is no use your getting mad, Kura. You've made the *ronin's* mark in my hand, and I have made it in yours. Now be sensible!"

He might as well have talked to a stone.

"Ah, you are a magician; you can assume any shape!" angrily answered the man. "You are a fox."

"Oh, go along with you!" smilingly answered Johnnie. "I shall keep you just as you are until you are sober, then we will chat this matter over."

Kura, like any other half-intoxicated man, said some very stupid, wicked things. However, his conqueror did not heed him, so he presently fell fast asleep.

At daybreak he awoke with a splitting headache. Brackett was aroused by his cries and moans, which were pitiful to hear.

He unbound him, showed the half-crazy man where the bath was, and after Kura had bathed in the steaming-hot water, said to him:

"Brother, which will you elect to do? Go forth to poverty and your vow to be a *To-jin*-killer, or stay with me, be well-fed and paid, and become a respectable member of society?"

"I shall be for ever disgraced if I give up my opinions," muttered the man, who was touched by his enemy's bravery, fearlessness and frankness. "How can I, who have said so much and done so much against you, accept a favor at your hand?"

Johnnie gave him a cup of *saké*, for the poor wretch was shaking as with an ague, then said:

"Brother, if you continue to be a *ronin*, you will disgrace, not glorify, your noble country. Now, be reasonable. Renounce your absurd idea about killing foreigners, and instead determine to make something out of them. That is how we Americans take our revenge. If you murder your foe, you end your chance of compensation. Let him live, and make him help you to do so. That is Benkei Yuzo's idea."

"By the immortal Forty-seven, he is right!" muttered Kura, extending his cup for more *saké*. "I only want enough to eat and drink and to be recognized as a gentleman."

Johnnie talked with him for two hours, and finally succeeded in convincing Kura that to make Japan great the Samurai must give up mincing folks promiscuously, and take to work.

Kura listened, like one in a dream, and when his new friend concluded his exhortation, said:

"I see it all! You are right, Benkei is right! Nihon has entered the family of the great nations, and her sons must put aside private feelings and unite in order to make her glory shine beyond the seas. I will not live to kill you, but will accept you as my teacher and friend! What can I do to show my sincerity?"

"Give up getting drunk and do your level best to learn phrenology!" said Johnnie. "When you have mastered the latter science you will be able to give lectures on it, and thus earn a respectable living; meanwhile, you shall act as my assistant and be my pupil!"

"Can't I take a cup of *saké* now and then?" ruefully inquired the man.

"Yes, after you have graduated as a professor of phrenology," said Johnnie. "Come, swear to this!"

Kura advanced to a picture of Kuanon, that adorned the wall of the room, and, bowing respectfully, said:

"I, Kura-no-suke, hereby vow to abstain from *saké* until I learn the mystery to be imparted to me by Brackett, Sama, to whom I will always be faithful and true! Henceforth, I will live to make money out of those whom I have called my enemies!"

Johnnie gave him some cash, with which to buy clothes, then shook his hand, saying:

"Brother Kura, you are learning the true Spirit of Young America!"

### CHAPTER XX.

#### HOW THE JAPANESE LEARNED TO MAKE PORCELAIN.

THE captain of the *Great Republic* insisted upon Orv, Dan and Benkei remaining on board until the steamer started.

He had, after hoisting a lot of cargo on deck, caused Johnnie's luggage to be found and had sent it on shore at Yokohama, so the chums felt no anxiety on that score, and took the opportunity to write home.

At last the noble vessel was ready for the long journey, and the young men, embarking in a native boat, cried: "*Sai-o-nara!*" to the gallant commander, and watched her steam down the Bay of Yedo.

As they clambered up the stone steps of the *natoba*, at Yokohama, they saw their old friend, Jim Kidder, who was staying at the settlement for a holiday.

Nothing would suit him but that they must go up to the Bluff to his house and be his guests.

"I'll wire Johnnie and Don to join us," he said. "You boys ought to take a rest before starting inland."

They telegraphed to Tokio, and received the following reply:

"DEAR CHUMS.—Mort is engaged in writing up his notes, and I'm hard work at taming my *ronin*.
"JOHNNIE."

"What does the critter mean?" demanded Jim.

They told him about Kura, on hearing which he said:

"These *ronins* are dangerous fellows. He'll never succeed in doing anything with the wretch."

"You forget Johnnie is a professor of phrenology," said Orv. "He says Kura has all the developments that go to make a grand man."

"Pooh!" cried Jim; "I don't believe in phrenology. What do you say, Doctor Benkei?"

"I think there may be something in it," said the genial fellow. "I never condemn what I have not studied."

"One for *me*," murmured Jim.

The young men sent Johnnie's baggage to Tokio, then remained with Kidder until the end of the week, when they rejoined Brackett and Mortimer at the *yashiki*.

"Why, chums," cried the wag, as they entered his room, "I began to think you had deserted us." With which he motioned to Kura, who, dressed in a neatly-cut American suit of clothes, was standing near him, and continued: "Boys, permit me to introduce you to my first pupil, Mr. Washington Kura-no-suke."

Kura bowed gravely, and as they shook his hand, said:

"I intend to serve my country like a reasonable person. The same way as Sir Benkei Yuzo does. I shall also imitate Mr. Brackett."

"I would not," quietly observed Orville. "Johnnie hasn't, as yet, done much for America."

"Don't abuse Brack," merrily remarked Benkei, as Kura retired. "He has done the States a service by converting a Nihonese vagabond into a decent subject of the Tenno. Better a thousand times have as many professors of phrenology in our country than a hundred *ronins*. Johnnie, old chum, shake hands again. You deserve a medal."

"Have you called at the palace?" inquired Dan.

"Yes," said the wag. "I've had an interview with Her Majesty the Empress Haruko, and she told me that the Mikado is much pleased with the science of phrenology, and gave me permission to teach it to any one of his subjects; so I began to operate on Kura."

"How is the Princess Ichijo?" said Benkei.

"Oh, she's all hunky now," snickered Brackett. "She fainted away when she read my farewell letter. However, when I called on her she soon recovered her usual spirits."

"Your—farewell—letter?" murmured Ben.

Johnnie explained, ending up with:

"I deemed it just as well to bid her adieu;" adding, with a wink: "I said a good word for you, chum, but she told me yesterday that I possess her whole soul, so you may as well give up all thought of her. I have proposed, and she has said, 'Ask mamma.'"

"Her mother was murdered by the Shogun," growled Ben.

"I know it," grinned his tormentor. "She meant that I should ask her adopted parent, the Empress. Now, I haven't cheek enough for that just yet," Orv, Dan and Don laughed, quietly, as Ben somewhat warmly replied:

"I am glad to know there is one act you have not cheek enough to perform."

[For continuation, see next page.]

## Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

### HENRY H. BENNETT,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 23, CONSELYEA STREET, BROOKLYN (E. D.), N. Y.

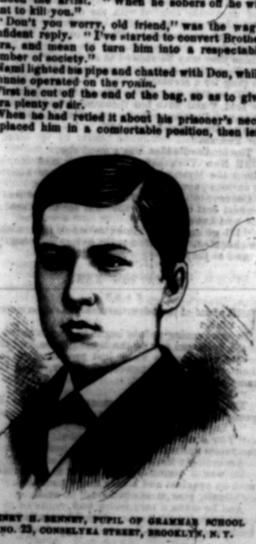
HENRY H. BENNETT is a talented pupil of the first division of the first class of Grammar School No. 23, Conselyea Street, Brooklyn (E. D.), N. Y. He was born at Jamaica, Long Island, July 11th, 1865, and is, therefore, fourteen years of age. He is the son of George M. and Lydia M. Bennett. When seven years old he commenced going to School No. 24, in the Primary Department, remaining about a year in the school. He then removed to Jamaica, and began attending the public school there, and remained a pupil some six years. He entered No. 23 in the first division, where he was ranked at the last examination at ninety-nine per cent. He is an intelligent and amiable boy. His head is large, with regular and expressive features, and his manners are self-possessed and polite. He has received the approval of his teachers for both study and deportment in all the schools that he has attended. Day after day he is found promptly in his place, and his interest in his studies is such that he requires no prompting to do his utmost in mastering them. His record is without a single blemish, and he is worthy of the good opinion in which he is universally regarded.

Grammar School No. 23 has about sixteen hundred pupils on register. The building has been improved, and is now very convenient and attractive. Samuel S. Martin, Esq., has long been the efficient and honored Principal.

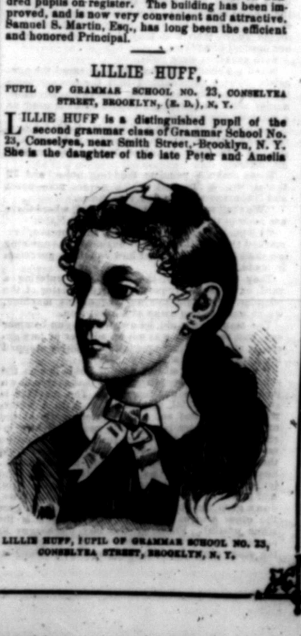
### LILLIE HUFF,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 23, CONSELYEA STREET, BROOKLYN, (E. D.), N. Y.

LILLIE HUFF is a distinguished pupil of the second grammar class of Grammar School No. 23, Conselyea, near Smith Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. She is the daughter of the late Peter and Amelia



HENRY H. BENNET, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 23, CONSELYEA STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



LILLIE HUFF, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 23, CONSELYEA STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Huff. When six years old she began her studies in one of the New York primary schools, and later was in the Grammar Department of No. 41, in Greenwich Avenue, one of the most noted public schools of this city. She entered a class of the second grade in her present school. She has studied with marked ability, and has been regularly promoted. Her per centage in the second class ranges from ninety to one hundred in the different studies. She is well-grown, modest and ladylike. Her mind is searching and comprehensive, and she is very ambitious to excel as a scholar. Hence she is always an attentive learner, and is not satisfied without good results from her daily application in the class. The Principal of the school, and her teachers in the different classes, gave a favorable account of her diligence, and consider her one of the most successful pupils of the school. She is a cheerful, good-hearted person, with a full and conscientious realization of duty on all occasions. Contemplating her as a pupil, she offers an example which is much appreciated in her class and school, and which gives the best assurance of a useful womanhood.

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## THROUGH THE HEART OF JAPAN.

(Continued from preceding page.)

"You're not jealous of my good luck in winning such a swell young lady as Miss Tofu, are you Ben?" cried the wag.

"Oh, no," proudly answered Benkei. "I am not jealous—still, I cannot avoid remembering what Murasaki says, in the *Genji Monogatari*:

'Let not the *karasu* (crow)
Wed the stork!
The *ugui-su* (nightingale)
Is no mate for the hawk.'"

"Jes so," drawled Johnnie, who was secretly tickled by his chum's exhibition of temper. "I'm neither a stork nor a hawk—are you?"

"I am a Nihonese," was Benkei's proud answer. "If the princess loves you it is sufficient."

"Oh, there's no if about it, old chum," said the irrepressible wag. "Tofu said that when the letter reached her she dreaded to open it, a spider having twice crawled over an *ogaki* (persimmon) lying on a plate before her, and that upon perusing it she felt as though life were not worth living."

"Oblige me by hereafter keeping your admiration for the princess to yourself," said Ben.

"Certainly," cheerfully returned Johnnie. "I'll keep her all to myself. She's a jewel—a star—a bright particular angel. Oh, Benkei, you ought to have been smart, and to have remembered her wishes about the gloves, et cetera."

Ben muttered something about detesting fickle women, then rose, and was quitting the room, when Kura entered and said:

"Mr. Nami is here."

"Admit him," replied Orv. "Don't go, Ben, old chum. You'll yet win Tofu."

"Bet you a new hat I marry her," cried Brackett, producing his memorandum book.

Benkei returned to his seat on the *tokonoma*, and said:

"I cannot gamble about such a thing as a lady's future happiness. To me the Princess Ichijo is more than a woman—she is an angel!"

"Hello, hello," cried Nami, who just then entered the apartment. "Squabbling about *to-fu*?" (bean curd); adding, as he saluted all present: "I have come to invite you to visit the pottery district. My cousin, Nakayama, the porcelain dealer, is anxious to make your acquaintance."

The chums consulted, and decided to visit the gentleman on the following day.

Early on the morning of the 8th of September Orv, Dan, Benkei, Johnnie, Don, Kura and Nami started for the suburb of Tokio devoted to the manufacture of Satsuma and Awata ware.

They were a jolly party, Orv and Dan leading the fun, which was kept going by Nami and Johnnie.

It being a lovely, cool day, they walked to their destination.

As they journeyed along the paved streets the people listened with wonder to hear the *To-jin* speaking their language, and some said:

"This is dreadful! Those savages will learn all our manufacturing secrets, and make cooking-machines to do our work."

Others laughed at them, and referring to Benkei, remarked:

"You sheep! What can the foreign invaders accomplish that such men as Benkei Yuzo, *So-nin*, cannot? Do you not understand he is pumping them of their knowledge, and will presently cast them aside and use it? It is much more astounding to hear him speak the abominably hissing language of the *To-jin* than that they should have learned our musical one!"

Both speakers were right.

When the chums and their friends neared the porcelain district they noticed that the houses were less close together, and every now and again came across mills for grinding felspar, which is used as a glaze by the potters.

Tokio is, by its rivers and canals, divided into a thousand islands, and in the pottery district the streams are used to drive the quartz-crushing machines.

These make a peculiar thudding noise, and fill the air with a fine dust, which covers man, beast and landscape with its floury particles.

"We shall soon reach higher ground, where there are none of these stone-pounders," said Nami.

"I would like to see how one of them works," remarked Orv. "If we do not begin at the beginning we shall fail to understand how Japanese porcelain is made."

They turned out of the street, and entering a yard, or inclosure, requested the proprietor of the pounder to explain the working of his machine, which was banging away at a great rate.

The man, a very old fellow, with a gun-hammer cue, that showed he was not an admirer of foreigners, or at least of their innovations, politely stopped his apparatus and said:

"You perceive, all this part of Tokio lies on the side of a hill. We use the streams that course down its sides to drive our foundries. The machine is simply a horizontal, pivoted beam, with a water-trough at one end and a stone-faced pestle at the other. The beam is a gutter, and is slightly inclined, so that the upper part rests in the bed of the mountain stream. I have shut off the water from the beam, and the machine is now at a standstill. See, I now pull up this water-gate, or dam, and let in the stream. It runs along the hollow beam, and presently fills this box at the lower end. Down, down goes the box end as it fills, and up, up goes the other arm of the beam (under which is the stone pestle). Presently the box discharges its contents by gravitation, when 'bang!' down comes the stone pestle into the stone mortar, crushing its contents into atoms, and once more bringing the upper part of the beam on a level with the stream, ready to repeat the performance," adding, as he set the pounder going at full speed: "Is it not just about perfect?"

"Well, I cannot agree with you," answered Orville. "It is an awful waste of water-power. If you were to use what we in America call a turbine-wheel, you would get all the present result with a hundredth part of the water. Of course your streams are sometimes dry, and you are consequently idle."

Instead of replying to this question the man became furious, and ordered them off his premises, shouting:

"Get out of this, you *To-jin baka!* It is like you to desire misery to an honest quartz-pounder. I understand you wish to introduce your machines that will do away with man's labor and starve thousands. If one apparatus will accomplish the work of fifty laborers, what will the forty-nine do for a living? Get out, get out, get out! Go back home; we do not want you in Nihon!"

In vain Benkei exhibited the Mikado's order. The man was too angry to know what it meant.

He placed his fingers in his ears, and declining to listen to any of the party, yelled:

"Go away! You are all in the same sack!"

They left him tending his primitive, clumsy contrivance, which was exactly like the one invented by Oosei-tsumi (600 B. C.).

"If it satisfies him, why should we seek to disturb the man?" said Don Mortimer. "He is right. A turbine-wheel would do the work of fifty such machines as the one he uses."

"That is true enough," quickly answered Benkei, "but it does not cover the question. Granted a turbine would throw a hundred families out of work. Even then they would not starve, as the demand for Satsuma pottery increases every day. Twenty-five years ago all of it was made in Satsuma; now it is manufactured in Kiyoto, Yokohama and Tokio. It is nonsense for men like that quartz-pounder to oppose American improvements. The time will soon arrive when the dealers of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and the great West will send to Japan for fine earthenware, just as they now send to Europe. If we stick to our balance-beam quartz-pounders, and refuse the aid of improved machinery, our manufacturers will be compelled to say, 'We are sorry, but we cannot make more than so many pieces in a year. Take your orders back to England, France and Germany.'"

"That is the spirit of Old Japan!" said Kura, who had hereto modestly remained silent.

"You are right, Kura!" said Dan. "Japan is the nearest neighbor we Americans have, and, if you go ahead as you have done, will be your best customers. We want to sell you our goods as well as buy yours!"

"That is the spirit of Young America!" quietly remarked Benkei. "I agree with chums. The United States is the country we Nihonese should look to! Never mind that crazy fellow's talk; his brains are deadened with the noise of his pounder."

Ascending the hillside they presently arrived at a place devoted to the making and burning of Satsuma-ware, the kilns for the latter forming a prominent feature in the landscape.

There were no works, so to speak, no huge potteries such as are seen in Staffordshire, England, and Trenton, New Jersey.

Every artisan worked at his own home and took his articles to be baked or glazed at kilns run by men who were skilled in that business.

Scattered about among the small houses of the potters were larger buildings, in which lived the dealers in Satsuma-ware or their agents, who ordered the articles, determined prices of labor, and were, in fact, the bosses of the district.

These dwellings were larger than some of the *yashikis* in Tokio, and were not only homes but storehouses.

Nami conducted his friends to one of the most important edifices, and said to the porter, who was reading in the hall:

"Tell your employer that the distinguished Americans, who are upon an expedition through the heart of Japan are here with his cousin, Nami Kawa!"

The porter, who, of course, knew Nami, bowed respectfully, and, summoning a servant, bade him usher his guests into the reception-room and tell Naka-yama that the gentlemen from afar had arrived.

The party followed the man, and, leaving their shoes in the veranda, were presently squatted on the floor of the main room of the house.

"Nami," inquired Dan, as the servant retired, "tell me what is that ugly clay image—a god?"

As he spoke he pointed to a rude figure of baked earth, set up on a sort of an altar at the far end of the apartment.

"Ah, that is a very valuable relic," answered the artist. "It represents Haji, the clay-image teacher."

"You don't say?" cried Johnnie. "Haji must have been confoundedly homely if he resembled that."

"Listen," said Nami. "Two thousand years ago our ancestors adored their nobles, and when the *Dai-mios* (great lords) died, the people would commit suicide and be buried with their chiefs. The Mikado Suinin attempted to abolish this custom, which was termed *jun-shi*." (Dying with the master.)

"What has that to do with yonder ugly little image?" asked Brackett.

"Everything," quietly answered Nami. "In your year 3, the wife of Suinin died, and, of course, as was the fashion, the courtiers began to settle their affairs and prepare to show their loyalty by killing themselves, when one of them, Nomi-no-Tsukune, who thought it folly to give up his life, made some clay images, which the Emperor decreed should, in lieu of human beings, be burnt with the body of the dead Empress. The figures, hardened by contact with fire, were the first pottery figures made in Japan, and the success of the plan so delighted the people that they gave Nomi the honorable title of *Ha* (clay) *Shi-ji* (teacher—clay-image teacher or designer), and porcelain makers or dealers in that ware have ever since regarded him as their patron saint;" adding, as a tall, handsome man entered the room, "Here is my cousin, Nakayama. He will tell you all about his business."

(To be continued.)

"Through the Heart of Japan" was commenced in No. 371.

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THE following custom is still observed, to a limited extent, in Nottingham, England: One of the heads of the family, previous to locking the street-door for the last time in the year, carefully deposits a gold coin in close proximity to the door, where it is allowed to remain until the new year has been ushered in by the ringing of the church-bells, when the gold is taken indoors. It is believed to insure the supply of money for the year's necessities.

# THE MYSTIC THREE:

## SHOWING WHAT HAPPENED TO THREE BOYS WHO BELIEVED ALL THEY READ.

By PIERCE CUTTING.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

### MR. SKIPLER.

THE first use the Mystic Three made of their restored liberty was to recover their deadly weapons.

For this purpose they went to the station-house where they had been taken when first arrested.

After no little difficulty they succeeded in forcing the sergeant to restore their shooting, stabbing and chopping tools, when they went their way rejoicing.

The way they did go led them to their hotel, where they found that the news of their adventures, or rather misadventures, had preceded them.

"Hello! hello!" exclaimed the clerk, as they entered.

"Hello! hello!" repeated Hack, determined not to be outdone in politeness.

"Where do you come from?" demanded the young man at the desk. "Hey?"

"Hay's for beasts," responded Hack. "Shall I send for a bale for you?"

"Well, blame my cats!" gasped the clerk.

"Blame 'em for what?"

"Who ever heard such cheek?"

"I don't know, but I see considerable."

And Hackaliah gazed long and earnestly at that section of the clerk's face which was ornamented with a very natty whisker.

The clerk flushed crimson under this scrutiny, and said, angrily:

"You'd better haul in your horns, young fellow, or you may get hurt."

"Indeed!" remarked Hack.

"Yes, indeed."

"And who'll hurt me?"

"I might, for instance."

"Thank you, I'll try and take care of myself. So hand out our key."

"Do what?"

"Hand out our key."

"The key to what?"

"To our room."

"What room?"

"The room we've paid rent for."

"Oh, no. I guess not."

"You guess what not?"

"That I'll hand out the key."

"And why won't you?"

"Because this is a hotel, not a penitentiary."

"I'm glad you've told me. I mightn't have known."

"Well, now you know."

"Suppose I do. What of that?"

"Nothing. Only we don't want any jail-birds around."

"Then what are you doing here?"

The clerk fetched the desk a bang that slopped a fountain of ink out of the inkstand all over his cuffs.

"That will do," he said. "Now git!"

"Not much we won't. Eh, fellows?"

"Well, I just guess not."

"Not if we know ourselves."

And Gid and Sim planted themselves sturdily beside their friend, who said:

"Now, then, what are you going to do about it?"

"I'll show you pretty quickly."

And the clerk began to move out from behind the desk.

A fight was evidently imminent, when the proprietor of the place walked into the office.

"Well, well," he demanded, "what's the matter here?"

"It's these three young ruffians here, sir," replied the clerk.

"And what are they doing?"

"All sorts of things, sir."

"But what sort, for instance?"

"Well, they're just spoiling for a fight, sir, for one."

"We're asking for the key of our room, that's what we're doing," said Sim.

"The key of your room?"

"Yes, sir."

"And have you a room here?"

"We hired one four days ago and paid a week in advance for it."

"Is that so, Mr. Skipler?" demanded the hotel man.

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk.

"Then why didn't you give them the key?"

"Well, you see, sir——"

"I don't see. I want to hear!"

"They're just out of jail!"

"Just out of jail?"

"Yes, sir, so I didn't think you'd care to have 'em around here."

"Under those circumstances, of course not. But what sent them to jail?"

"A judge, sir," remarked Hack.

"So I suppose. But what had you been doing?"

"Nothing."

"The fact of the matter is, sir," interrupted the clerk, "they're the three young vagabonds the papers have been full of the last couple of days."

"The ones that ran away from home?"

"Yes, sir."

"And killed the wooden Indian?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I never!"

And the hotel-keeper, who was a big, fat man, with a jolly red face, rolled back in an armchair and roared.

The three adventurers looked on in no little disgust, and Sim said:

"Well, I swear, I don't see anything in it to laugh about!"

"Children and fools are easily amused," observed Hack, sarcastically.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," gasped the hotel-keeper; "I didn't mean to do it."

"What did you do it for, then?"

"Because I couldn't help it. You thought I was laughing at you, I suppose?"

"Well, weren't you?"

"No, indeed!"

"I suppose you were crying, then?"

"I was not. But I am subject to hysterical attacks."

"Oh, indeed?"

"Yes. And when any great emotion overcomes me I take on in this way."

"Is that a fact?" asked Sim, suspiciously.

"It is."

"But what's the emosh?"

"Anger, sir; anger and grief."

"At what?"

"At the base and impolite conduct of that person, sir."

And the landlord pointed his fat forefinger at Mr. Skipler.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated that person, in astonishment.

"You'll wish you never had done it," said the landlord, severely.

"Done what, sir?"

"Been uncivil to our honored guests."

"Our what?"

"Our honored guests."

"Well, blame my cats," muttered the clerk; "the old man's off his nut, sure."

"What do you think of that?" whispered Gid.

"He's a brick!" responded Hack.

"A brick?" added Gid; "why, he's a whole wagon-load."

"Mr. Skipler," the landlord continued, "you will hand these gentlemen their keys."

"Yes, sir," murmured the stupefied clerk.

"At once! Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"If not sooner."

"Very well, sir."

And the clerk handed out the required key without another word.

"And now you will consider yourself discharged, with a week's warning. I will not have the guests of my hotel insulted. If you do not know how to treat them politely, I must get a clerk who does."

Then, turning to the Mystic Three, he continued:

"I trust, gentlemen, you will excuse this late unpleasantness."

"Certainly!" responded all three at once.

"It shall never occur again, I assure you."

"All right!"

"So make yourselves comfortable, and be assured that the entire house is at your disposal."

"Glad to hear it, sir."

"If you need anything only call for it."

"We will, sir."

"And if that person treats you to any more insolence let me know."

"Certainly, sir."

The landlord then shook hands all around, with much cordiality.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am so glad to be of service to you that I don't know what to do."

"Then don't do it," observed Hack.

"I won't. Sam! Jim!"

"Yes, sah!"

And two Ethiopian bell-boys jumped up as if they were worked by springs from the bench on which they were sitting.

"Take these gentlemen's things to their room."

"Yes, sah."

"And see that their bell is answered promptly."

"Yes, sah."

And the grinning darkies relieved the Mystic Three of their arsenals and led the way up-stairs.

The "Devastators" were delighted.

They had not the slightest doubt that the landlord's awe was due to their distinguished appearance and manner.

"He was struck all of a heap," said Sim.

"Clean flabbergasted," observed Gid.

"In short," remarked Hack, "we fairly paralyzed him."

"That we did."

"I never saw a man so fetched off his feet."

"It's our way, I suppose," remarked Hack. "We can't help it, you know."

"Of course not."

"My father used to say you can always tell a gentleman on sight."

"So you can."

"So some folks can, you mean. That clerk can't."

"Oh, well, poor ignorant wretch, he's fixed."

"So he is. I'm sort of sorry he's bounced, though."

"I am, too. But, then, he oughter have been more civil, you know."

By this time they had reached their room, where their sable servitors deposited their paraphernalia and left them.

One of the darkies, whom Mr. Skipler was in the habit of giving a drink to now and then, went to him at once and told them all that had been said about him.

The clerk's visage assumed a sardonic grin, which made him look like a sick ape in a sourkrout tub.

"All right," he said; "I'll fix 'em out yet; see if I don't."

And he began scribbling away at his ledger and jabbing his pen in the ink, as if every jab was a stab in the heart of one of his enemies.

The landlord, meanwhile, had gone to his office and written the following announcement:

"The three young gentlemen whose sanguinary and desperate combat with the dummy Indian, as well as their other thrilling adventures, have created such excitement in New York for the past three days, are stopping at the Oriental Hotel, where they may be viewed at all hours."

"There," he said; "I guess that will do." And he rang for a servant.

"Take this around the corner to the printer's," he said, "and have ten thousand copies struck off at once. Distribute them around the streets right away. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

The landlord's idea was a good one.

All New York had been reading and laughing about the Mystic Three, and there were hundreds of curious people who wanted to see them.

Consequently, their presence at the hotel was the biggest sort of an advertisement for the place, and the host knew it.

"I'll go and lay in an extra stock for the bar," he chuckled. "We'll need it before morning."

And so they did.

### CHAPTER XXX.

### FAME!

THE effect of the advertisement was soon perceptible.

Before evening people began to drop in to the bar of the hotel and ask for the Mystic Three, and those heroic adventurers were just preparing to leave their room and go in quest of dinner, when there came a rap at the door.

"Come in," said Hack.

The author of the summons opened the door gently a couple of inches, and said, in an oily voice:

"I hope I don't intrude, gents."

"You don't yet," responded Sim. "Come into the room, and we'll be able to tell better."

Accordingly the visitor entered.

He was a plump man, in a suit of seedy black, with an eyeglass and a very shabby silk hat.

"Gents, your most obedient," he said.

And he made a very polite bow.

"I have not the honor, gents," he continued, "of being known to you."

“You certainly have not,” replied Sim, assuming the duty of spokesman.

“Then permit me to introduce myself.”

“Go ahead.”

“My name is Blobb, gents.”

“That's a good enough name.”

“Marcus Cicero Blobb.”

“I don't see anything against it.”

“Anything against it! Why, gents, it is the name of a man who never wronged a fellow-creature of a dollar.”

“I didn't say he did.”

“Who never turned his back on poverty or oppressed innocence.”

“Well, I want to know.”

“Want to know what?”

“Why should he turn his back?”

“Oh, certainly. And if so, why so? But to proceed. And of a man who never told a lie.”

Hack, who had been glaring at the speaker with eyes like those of a dead codfish, now began to move round and round, examining him closely.

Mr. Marcus Cicero Blobb stood it for a minute, and then he asked:

“Well, what are you looking for?”

“Where is it?” asked Hack.

“Where is what?”

“Did you forget it?”

“Forget what?”

“Or have you left it outside.”

“What in blazes are you talking about?”

“Why, your little hatchet, of course.”

Mr. Marcus Cicero Blobb turned red, and his eyes snapped, but he gave a little cough and ejaculated:

“He, he, he! I see, sir. You will have your little joke, eh? Very good; very good, indeed.”

And he writhed and contorted his countenance until he looked like a boa-constrictor with a bad colic.

Then he condescended to explain his visit.

“Gents,” he said, “you have suffered a great wrong.”

“You're right, we have,” replied Sim.

“The ruffianly police of this metropolis have abused you shamefully.”

“Of course.”

“You have been arrested, taken prisoners, made captive and been taken up.”

“We just have.”

“You've been hauled to a dungeon cell, locked up, incarcerated, confined, imprisoned and deprived of your liberty.”

“Tell us something we don't know.”

“Therefore, gents, you should demand damages for your injuries.”

“Who from?”

“The police.”

“How?”

“Through the majestic medium of the law.”

“Indeed?”

“I come to propose, therefore, gents, to push the case for you. In other words, to commence a suit for $50,000 damages against the city.”

“You're a lawyer, then?”

“I am a disciple of Themis.”

“And you want to act for us?”

“I do.”

“But who'll pay you?”

Mr. Marcus Cicero Blobb rolled his eyes upward in meek reproach.

“Pay, gents!” he said. “I want no pay. The honor of serving you against your oppressors is enough for me.”

Before the Devastators could come to a decision on Mr. Blobb's flattering proposition, another rap at the door interrupted them.

The newcomer was a puffy-faced young man, in a very dirty shirt and a suit of clothes which were old enough to have been made for Adam.

He was somewhat unsteady in his gait, and diffused through the room a powerful aroma of gin.

As soon as his bleary eyes lighted on Mr. Blobb, he exclaimed:

“Hello Blobby, old boy! How are you?”

Mr. Blobb greeted him cordially, and shook him by the hand.

“This, gents,” he said, “is my friend Mr. Algernon Fitzhumbert McGrotty, of the *Herald*. Mac, these are my clients.”

“Your clients!” repeated the representative of the *Herald*. “What for?”

“Why, in the great $50,000 damage suit against the city. Make a note of it.”

So Mr. McGrotty jotted it down in a very greasy notebook.

“Now then, gentlemen,” he said, “call for a drink for me and I'll interview you.”

“You'll do what?” demanded Hack.

“Interview you. Just waltz that drink up, will you?”

“And what will I waltz a drink up for?”

“Why, for me to waltz it down, of course. Ha, ha, ha!”

And Mr. McGrotty laughed a hoarse, croaking laugh at his own joke, while Sim jerked the bell-cord, and a servant appeared.

“Schooner of gin,” remarked the witty Mr. McGrotty to the menial, “and hurry it up, too.”

When the required beverage appeared, the reporter explained that he had been sent to get the facts for an article about the Devastators in the *Herald*, and he proceeded to interview them.

Nothing loath, they were stuffing him with the most marvelous mixture of fact and fiction, when a third summons at the door interrupted them.

Before they had time to call “Come in,” the knocker came in of his own accord.

He was a man with a big, bushy beard and long hair, and he held a book something like that which the reporter was using, to make notes in, in his hand.

“Ah, you're here, are you?” remarked the newcomer, coolly.

“Where else should we be?” inquired Sim, sharply.

“Oh, anywhere you liked, I s'pose,” said the man with the beard. “However, all I care for is that you're here.”

And he opened his book, took out a pencil, and began staring very hard at Sim, and scrawling in the book.

Sim looked at Hack, and Hack stared back at him, while Gid looked from them to the hairy stranger in astonishment.

As for the reporter and the lawyer, they glared at the daring intruder as if they would have liked to pulverize him.

From his look the one made no doubt that the stranger was a representative from a rival paper, while the other could have sworn with equal certainty that he was a lawyer come to snap the great damage case from him.

In all faith, the hairy person was shabby enough to be either, but he wasn't.

For at the end of a minute he stopped scrawling, and said:

“There. How do you like that?”

And he held up the book.

It was a sketch-book, and from one of its pages looked a spirited pencil sketch of Sim.

The murder was out. He was an artist.

“What are you doing that for?” demanded Sim.

“For the *Bladder*,” responded the stranger.

“The what?”

“The *Weekly Bladder and Pictorial Gasbag*.”

“What's that?”

“Why, an illustrated paper, to be sure. The illustrated paper of the continent.”

The Mystic Three began to feel their blood tingle with delight.

Here was glory, indeed.

They were going to sue the City of New York for damages, and have an article printed about them in the *Herald*, and now an illustrated paper was to flash their portraits in thousands on an admiring world.

As may be imagined, their good opinion of themselves was not lessened.

In point of fact, it was increased to such an extent that one could scarcely have touched them with a forty-foot pole.

Sim grew at least an inch taller, while Gid's hair bristled and Hack swelled out with pride.

Messrs. Blobbs and McGrotty viewed this with no little disgust.

The first was afraid he would lose his suit, while the second wanted another drink before he went to write up his report.

So both execrated the artist, who had given his name as Mr. Dobbens, while the latter went steadily on sketching portraits of the Devastators, and pictures of the room from various positions, in every one of which their numerous weapons figured prominently.

He was still at work when another visitor arrived.

This was a gentleman in blue spectacles, whose finger-ends were all stained brown.

“You are the three young gentlemen the papers talk about, are you not?” he asked.

“We believe we are,” answered Hack, with much dignity. “Who may you be?”

“May I have the honor of introducing myself?”

“I don't know. Maybe, fellows?”

“It depends,” replied Sim, haughtily.

“Just so,” added Gid. “It depends.”

“Depends on what?”

“On what he wants.”

“Well, what do you want?” demanded Hack, turning on the newcomer. “Can't you talk for yourself?”

“Certainly, sir.”

“Then why don't you?”

“I will. In the first place, here's my card.”

And he handed out a card on which was printed:

“Dionysius Slumgullion, the Popular Photographer.

“Well, what do you want?” asked Sim.

“I want to take your pictures,” replied Mr. Slumgullion.

“What for?”

“To disseminate them broadcast among the thousands who have read of your exploits.”

“But Mr. Dobbens, here, is already taking 'em.”

“Mr. who?”

“Mr. Dobbens.”

“Mr. Dobbens,” repeated Mr. Slumgullion, with withering contempt. “Dobbens, of the *Pictorial Gasbag*?”

“Yes.”

“He take portraits?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, I'd hate to have him take mine.”

And Mr. Slumgullion spat violently and ejaculated:

“Bah!”

“What is that you remarked, sir?” demanded Mr. Dobbens, who had been watching him suspiciously.

“Bah!” repeated Mr. Slumgullion.

“Don't you say bah to me, sir!”

“Why not, sir?”

“Because I don't like it, sir.”

“You don't like it, sir?”

“No, sir!”

“Then you know what you can do, sir.”

“I can punch your head, sir.”

And Mr. Dobbens suited the action to the word.

Mr. Slumgullion struck back, but missed him, and butted Mr. Marcus Cicero Blobbe in the stomach.

Mr. Blobbe gave vent to a grunt of agony, and grabbing his assailant by the hair, they rolled on the floor together.

Mr. Algernon Fitzherbert McGrotty started forward to his friend's assistance.

But he was by no means steady on his pins, and tripping over the two prostrate combatants, he pitched into the arms of the incensed Mr. Dobbens.

At this moment a demoniac sound commenced to fill the air.

It was only the thunder of a gong being beaten to summon the guests of the hotel to their evening meal, but the Mystic Three made sure it was a signal that the house was on fire, at least.

So grabbing up their instruments of destruction they hurried down-stairs, leaving their visitors to fight it out among themselves.

Which they did, in fact, until one of the chambermaids discovered them at it and summoned a policeman, who, after giving them an impartial clubbing all around, charged them five dollars apiece for not taking them to the station-house.

Long before this, however, the Mystic Three had arrived at the foot of the stairs, where a big black man was beating on a gong, with the perspiration pouring from his face by the quart.

“Where's the fire?” they demanded.

“In de kitchen, sah!” was the reply.

“Have the engines come yet?”

“What for, sah? Hab you to kill 'em?”

“No; to put the fire out.”

“Put de fire out, sah? Not much! Onless you wants your dinnah cold, sah?”

“Oh! that's the racket, is it?”

“It am, sah.”

“That's only your dinner-bell, eh?”

“Yes, sah.”

“Well, it ought to be a good dinner from the row you make about it.”

“It am, sah.”

“We'll soon see.”

And the Mystic Three filed into the dining-room.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### GLORY!

THE dining-room of the Oriental Hotel was full.

In fact, to use an expressive figure of speech, it was crowded to excess.

The ten thousand handbills had done their work, and scores of curious sightseers had gathered to gaze on the heroes from Suckerville.

When they entered a buzz ran through the hall.

“There they are.”

“Only look at them.”

“Did you ever see the like?”

“Don't they beat all?”

“I tell you, they're just the cheese.”

The three Devastators felt their chests expand as these encomiums smote their ears, for they had not the slightest idea that they were being made fun of.

Here was glory, indeed, they thought.

Preceded by the head waiter, who marched before them, walking backward and bowing at every step, with solemn gravity, they reached a table apart from the rest.

It was a round table, laid with covers for three.

A servant stood behind each chair, napkin on arm.

As the Devastators reached the table each flunky drew the chair to which he belonged out, in order to let them sit down.

Unfortunately, however, the Mystic Three were unaccustomed to such attentions.

Consequently, they had endeavored to squeeze themselves in between the chairs and the tables, and sit in that way.

And, very naturally, when the chairs were pulled back they had nothing to sit on nearer than the floor.

So, of course, they sat there.

It was a lucky thing for the waiters that their weapons had been taken charge of by the head waiter, who had stacked them in a corner out of the way.

A roar of laughter ran through the the hall as the victims of the accident rolled on the floor; but the head waiter was equal to the occasion.

He called three fresh servants, who responded promptly.

“Assist dem gemmen to deir feet,” he commanded.

The order was at once obeyed.

The Devastators were yanked to their feet like bales of cotton being elevated by a steam-engine.

Before they could give vent to their wrath the head-waiter turned on his clumsy subordinates.

“Git,” he said.

“Wha' for?” expostulated one.

“Git, you clumsy niggerramuses.”

And they got, while the three fresh men took their places and the dinner commenced.

The Devastators proved worthy of their name.

Their appetites were excellent, and dish after dish came on full and went away empty.

And still they had room for more.

The people all around stopped eating to gaze upon the awe-inspiring scene with wonder not unmixed with dread.

They had never dreamed of, much less heard of or seen such eaters before.

“They must be ostriches in disguise,” observed one.

“Or alligators out for a spree.”

“I don't believe they're human.”

“Why, they must be hollow all the way down.”

“People seem to be taking considerable interest in us,” observed Hack, to whom, of course, the nature of these remarks was unknown.

“They can't help it,” remarked Gid. “They don't see the likes of us every day.”

“I should just think they didn't,” said Sim.

At this moment the landlord approached them.

He was accompanied by a very neat gentleman of a benevolent aspect, who began bowing ten feet off, and kept it up without cessation, while the landlord said:

“Gentlemen, I hope the dinner was to your liking.”

“It was, sir,” responded the Devastators.

“Then allow me to introduce my particular friend, Mr. Leander Blivens.”

“Most happy,” said Mr. Blivens. “I am honored in the extreme.”

“Don't mention it, Blivens,” replied Sim, with condescension. “How do you epigastrate?”

And he shook Mr. Blivens by the hand, while his companions followed suit.

“Ah, gentlemen,” murmured the visitor, “I am proud indeed to know you.”

“You ought to be,” remarked Hack, “so don't say anything more about it.”

“Mr. Blivens, gentlemen,” said the landlord, “is the proprietor, lessee and manager of the Great Compound Consolidated Esquescurriculus Dramatic Spectacular Temple of Thespis, which, of course, you know is the finest in the country.”

“It ought to be the finest in the world with such a name,” muttered Hack. “But I never heard of it. Did you, fellers?”

“It dwells not in my memory,” replied Sim, with an absent look.

“My knowledge-locker has no place for it,” said Gid.

“This is most surprising,” said the landlord. “You cannot be in earnest?”

“But we are.”

“Dead sure?”

“Deader than nails.”

“Well, well, well! It's in all the papers, I'm sure.”

“I know it never was in the Suckerville *Bugle*.”

“Probably the daily journals of the great metropolis do not circulate in the far rural district from which our young friends here come,” remarked Mr. Blivens, mildly. “However, this is foreign to the purpose.”

“And what is the purpose, if there is any?” inquired Hackaliah Snick.

“To invite you gentlemen to visit my temple of the drama this evenng. I have reserved a box for you, and can promise you a dramatic treat of the most exciting description.”

“What is the play?” asked Sim, beginning to be interested.

“Swamping Buffalo, or, the Reckless Ranger's Revenge.”

“That's the ticket. We'll go, sure.”

“Talk for yourself,” remarked Hack, snappishly. “I won't.”

“Why, what ail's you now?”

“Nothing, only you don't get me sit through any blamed Indian pieces, that's all.”

“Oh, indeed!”

“If there were a few road agents in it now.”

“But there are,” interrupted Mr. Blivens.

“Real road agents?”

“Yes, sir. Imported from Texas jails especially for the purpose.”

“That settles it. I'm your oyster.”

Gid seemed about to offer a protest, but he was in the minority, and had sense enough to see that it would do him no good.

So he chimed in with the rest, and they went out together.

It took all the waiters in the place to clear a way to the street, where Mr. Blivens had a hack waiting for them.

When they entered, Mr. Blivens made a sign to the hackman.

The latter scratched a match on the leg of his pantaloons, and in a minute the top of the cab was a blaze of light.

The illumination proceeded from a transparency fastened to the roof, on which was painted, in huge black letters:

“The Dummy Indian fighters are going to the Great Compound Consolidated to-night.”

Then the hack started.

An immense cheer from the crowd hailed its departure, and a long string of men and boys trotted after the vehicle, yelling themselves hoarse as they went.

By this time the Mystic Three were getting used to these ovations.

“'Pears to me,” observed Hack to Mr. Blivens, “that we've struck you New Yorkers just where you live.”

“Well, you have,” was the reply.

“You're an awful sociable lot, ain't you?”

“Always were. We never hesitate to take a stranger in.”

“So I've heard. Are these weppuns in your road?”

Hack alluded to their firearms, which were bumping about on the floor of the hack threatening to go off and blow somebody to the better land at any moment.

Now, to tell the truth they were very seriously in Mr. Blivens's road.

One was banging up and down on top of his pet corn, while the cold muzzle of another rested against his ankle.

The Devastators had made up their minds to go to the theatre in full rig, however, so he did not care to make any remark about it.

“They're all right,” he said.

“We don't like to travel unarmed, you see.”

“Of course not. Being used to weapons all your lives as you are.”

“Exactly.”

“You feel lost without them, as it were?”

“Just so. I hope we shan't have any call to use 'em to-night.”

“Oh, I guess you won't.”

“But if we do you bet we'll come in A. 1.”

“I don't doubt it.”

“You've been very friendly to us now.”

“I've tried to be, I am sure.”

“So if you ever get in a corner and want any help just call us in.”

“Thanks: I will.”

And Mr. Blivens warmly squeezed the speaker's hand, just as the hack stopped.

“Here we are,” he said.

The imposing front of the theatre was brilliantly illuminated, and a great crowd was streaming in through the doors.

As they ascended the steps Sim suddenly stopped and uttered an exclamation of pleasure.

“Look at that,” he said.

And he pointed to a big transparency over the door.

Out it flamed, in great scarlet letters, the inscription:

“Welcome to the gallant young Indian fighters!”

Before they could give further expression to their gratification Mr. Blivens hurried them by a private entrance into the theatre.

Then, leading the way down a long side aisle, he opened the door of a private box and said:

“Gentlemen, you are welcome!”

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### TRIUMPH!

THE box in which the Mystic Three found themselves commanded a fine view of the stage.

It was also so placed that its occupants were in full sight of the audience.

This latter fact, through the instrumentality of the wily manager, who had determined to produce a sensation, resulted in something not down on the bills.

But, to use a hackneyed expression, let us not anticipate.

“This is just gay,” said Sim, as the orchestra struck up the inspiring strains of “Grandfather's Clock.” “It licks the circus all-hollow, don't it?”

“Well, I should smile to exclaim. Why, it's better than a baby-show.”

“Tip-top!”

“The regular first prize!”

“Just notice how the people stare at us,” continued Sim, gazing around the house.

“They can't help it,” remarked Gid. “Let 'em gaze.”

“I guess they never saw anything like us before,” replied Hack.

“We just knock 'em cold, I reckon,” added Sim.

The Mystic Three were right for once.

The audience never had seen anything like our heroes before, and were never likely to again.

Consequently, they were taking advantage of their opportunity.

The news of their arrival had become whispered about, and all eyes were turned upon the box the heroes of the evening occupied.

Presently a ripple of applause began in the gallery, and in two minutes' time the entire audience were stamping and clapping their hands, while loud calls were made for the Mystic Three.

At this moment the manager entered the box.

“They're anxious to see more of you, gentlemen,” he explained. “Stand up in front and bow, or they'll tear the house down.”

“What'll we do that for?” demanded Hack.

“Oh, just to please them, you know.”

“We ain't a Punch and Judy show, are we?”

“Of course not.”

“Then why should we make dummies of ourselves?”

“It's only to acknowledge the compliment, gentlemen, that's all.”

“I don't see any great compliment about it,” said Sim. “We've come here to see the show, and not to be gawked at by a lot of howling mush-heads.”

“Perhaps we'd better gratify them, though,” remarked Hack. “Poor things! Only think now how disappointed they'll be if we don't let 'em know we ain't mad.”

“That's so. It would be rough on them not to give 'em some sort of a send off,” added Gid. “What do you say, Sim?”

“I'm agreeable.”

“Shall we show ourselves?”

“Guess we'd better.”

“Then here goes for it.”

By this time the uproar was tremendous.

When the Mystic Three, however, stood up in the front of the box and bowed gravely, the applause was deafening.

The manager rubbed his hand in great glee.

“Let me send you in something to drink, gentlemen,” he said. “What shall it be? Only give it a name.”

The Mystic Three gave it the name of cider, and an attendant soon brought in enough of that mild compound to give an elephant the collywobbles.

But the Devastators had stomachs an elephant would have been proud to own.

They had just finished when the curtain rose upon the first act of "Swamping Buffalo; Or, the Reckless Ranger's Revenge."

It was a most lurid and startling drama, in which real prairie scouts, real Indians and real dogs and horses were introduced with the utmost liberality.

The play, in fact, went in for reality in everything except acting.

There was very little of that commodity wasted on it, to be sure.

Still, the Mystic Three were by no means critical on that score, and viewed the entire layout with unqualified delight, not to say enthusiasm.

Their applause was frequent and hearty—at least that of two of them was.

When the curtain fell upon the first act, in which a lovely backwoods maiden had been rescued from the bold, bad villain by the heroic young trapper, Sim exclaimed:

"This is a regular buster!"

"It's simply magnif," responded Hack, who had been leaning over the front of the box at the imminent peril of falling through the bass drum.

"The primest I ever saw," added Sim.

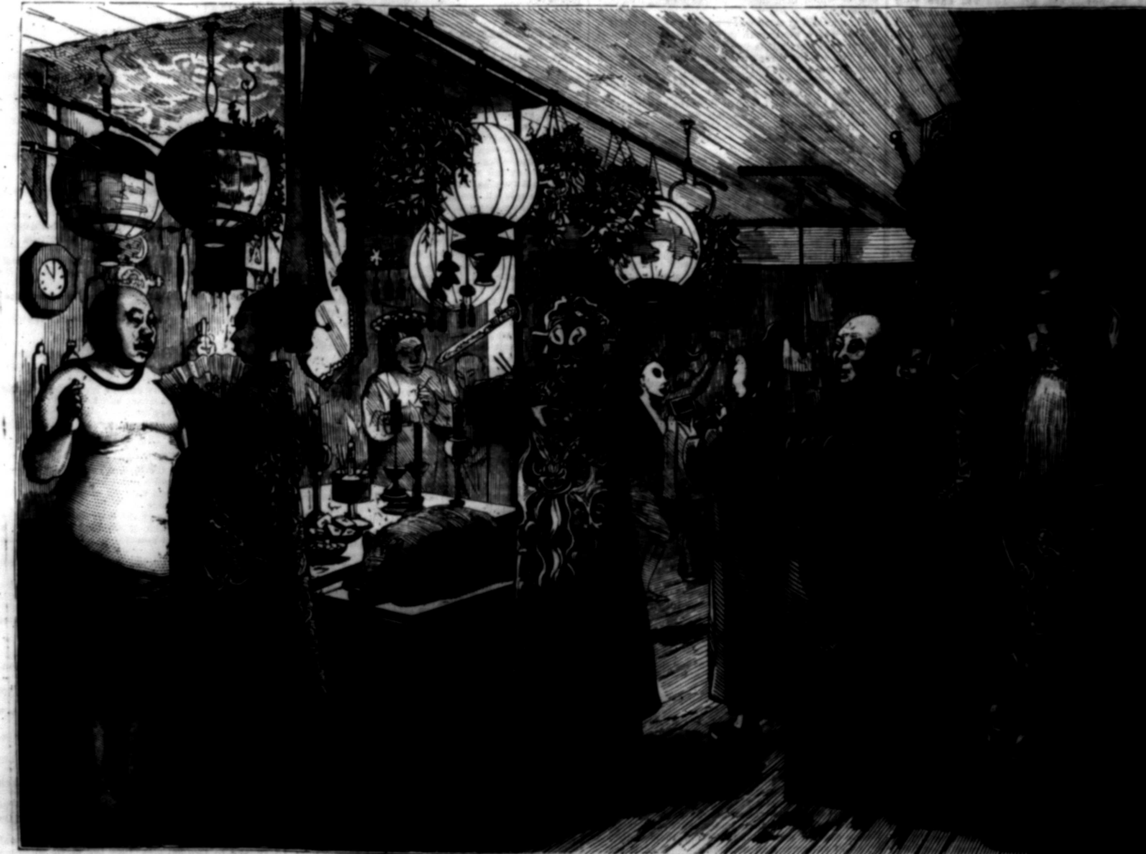
"I don't see much in it," said Gid, disdainfully. "I can't make out where your magnif comes in."

"You can't?"

"No, I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because there ain't anything magnif in it."



A CHINESE THEATRE IN SAN FRANCISCO.—THE DRESSING-ROOM.

"There isn't?"

"Not an atom It's the stupidest I ever saw."

"What is there stupid about it?"

"Why, everything; there ain't anything exciting about it"

"Nothing exciting?"

"Not a thing."

"I'd like to know what you'd call exciting, then," said Hackaliah.

"I know what's the trouble with Gid," exclaimed Sim, suddenly.

"What in thunder is it, then?"

"He's hungry for some pirates; that's what's the matter with him."

"Is that all?"

"All!" responded the indignant Gid; "it's enough, and a blamed sight too much. I say this play is n. g."

"You don't like it?"

"Not by a jugful."

"Then you hain't got any taste."

"You think so, do you?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, if I didn't have more taste than to like such rot as this I'd go soak my head."

"Don't mind him, Hack," said Sim; "he's a little cracked, you know."

And he tapped his forehead significantly.

Before Gid could hurl defiance at his two persecutors the bell tinkled, and the rising of the curtain put a stop to the discussion for the time.

The opening scene of the second act displayed the scenic artist's idea of a gorge in the Rocky Mountains.

The lovely heroine appears on her way to the trapper's camp, when she is seized in this lonely spot by the great chief Swamping Buffalo, who, with a number of his braves, is lying in wait in the gorge.

The appearance of the Indian band roused the Mystic Three to the highest pitch of excitement.

Even Gid forgot his disgust and gazed as eagerly as did the other two at the scene before them.

"They're real Indians, by gum!" exclaimed Sim, stretching himself half out of the box.

"You bet!" replied Hack. "No wooden figures this time."

"What are they going to do to the girl?" continued Sim, anxiously.

"Scalp her, may be!"

"They'd better not try it while I'm sitting here," said Sim, nervously fingering his weapons.

"Why, what would you do?"

"Go for 'em."

"You would?"

"You bet!"

"You'd look nice going for all that crowd. Why, they'd eat you up!"

"You think so, do you?"

"You're right I do."

"Well, just let them try it, and I'll show you."

The action of the play required at this point that that the big Indian should urge his suit to the fair maiden, and beg her to become the light of his wigwam.

When, indignantly repulsed by her, he was about to tomahawk her, the trappers, headed by the gallant hero, burst upon the scene, rescued the maiden and put the Indians to flight with much firing of guns, after a desperate combat.

That was the way the author had planned it.

But that wasn't exactly what happened.

At the critical moment, when Swamping Buffalo held his tomahawk poised above the maiden's head, and her screams for help were resounding through the theatre, Simeon Walsingham Pugsley could restrain himself no longer.

Uttering a wild howl, he jumped on to the cushioned rail of the box and made a flying leap to the stage.

"Drop her, you red ruffian!" he yelled. "Drop her, or down goes your house!"

And he leveled his rifle at the astounded Swamping Buffalo. (To be continued.)

"The Mystic Three" was commenced in No. 671.

* * *

## CHINESE THEATRES.

IN Chinatown, San Francisco, there are three theatres, the managers of which have vied with each other for the lion's share of the patronage of the festive Mongolians. The names and locations of these heathen temples of amusement are as follows: The "Look Sun Fung" or Peacock, on Washington Street, between Dupont and Stockton Streets; the "New Hin Look" or Royal Chinese Theatre, on the north side of Jackson Street, between Kearny and Dupont Streets, and the "Quan Sun Yoke" or Gem of Mount Quan, in the same block, on the south side of Jackson Street. Between these three theatres an active business rivalry was maintained for a lengthened period of time, with varying success, until finally it was found that the expenses were increasing in a far larger ratio than the profits.

The directors of the different corporations in consequence grew alarmed, and fearing lest these facts might lead to a total business wreck of one or more of their respective companies, they held a meeting, and resolved to consolidate their common good, and the three theatres are accordingly merged into one.

Separate performances are given as usual, but the play-houses are now all under the management of one incorporation, styled the "Wing Ti Ping Co.," or the Company of Eternal Peace. The effect of the consolidation was a general reduction in the expenses of the theatres and the dismissal of several of the leading actors. Much dissatisfaction was felt among the Celestials thus thrown out of employment, who interested some of the wealthy Chinese merchants in their behalf, formed a joint stock company, and at once set about the erection of a new theatre on Washington Street, opposite Waverly Place. It is a three-story brick building, 92 feet deep, with a frontage of 52 feet. The height of the ceiling from the floor in front of the stage is 35 feet. It has an iron front, a large main gallery in the centre of the auditorium, and two hanging side galleries. Its seating capacity is for 2,500 people, and the total cost of the building upward of $15,000. Its interior arrangement is similar to that of the other Chinese theatres, being plainly furnished with wooden benches, and without any scenery for the stage.

The price of admission will be thirty-five cents to all parts of the house except the private boxes, which will be let for $4 each. The ground floor of the building will be let as stores, and the garret used as a lodging house by the actors and attaches. Ti Gar Sing, who is hieroglyphically announced as the most famous Chinese actor who ever came to San Francisco, has been engaged in the double capacity of star and superintendent of the new theatre, in which he is personally interested, at a very liberal salary. And the Wing Ti Ping Company, fearful of its profits and its laurels, is preparing itself for the contest with the Ti Gar Sing Troupe for supremacy in the amusement circles in Chinatown.

* * *

# Rob Rollalong, the Runaway.

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG,

AUTHOR OF THE "JACK HARKAWAY" AND "DICK LIGHTHEART" STORIES, ETC., ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XVI.

### UNEASY CONSCIENCE.

MR. VANGS was very much pleased when he heard of Mr. Brewster's success in capturing Rob Rollalong and sending him on board the school-ship.

As we know, Vangs had reason to fear the boy, who was acquainted with so much of his villainy.

In addition to this, he dreaded his influence over Hattie, whom it was the purpose of his life to marry.

As long as he lived, Vangs would be a cripple, owing to the dreadful way in which Soft Tommy had cut him about the legs.

Since this affair Tommy had not been seen, and people said he had left the island.

Vangs was afraid to cause the arrest of the halfly-witted lad, for he dreaded lest he should tell the court about the murder of Captain Spike, which he had undoubtedly witnessed.

The court, on such a statement, might order an investigation, and the money he had taken from the unhappy Spike might, by skillful detectives, be traced to his possession.

Hattie had promised to be Vangs's wife.

She did not love him passionately and devotedly with all the fervor of a young girl's first love, but she felt grateful to him for his kindness to her and her mother, and she pitied him for the injuries he had sustained at the hands of Soft Tommy.

Winter was beginning.

All the lovely Autumn tints had faded from the trees and the leaves had fallen, making the trees bare and solemn-looking.

Stoves had been put up, and every one was looking forward to the first fall of snow, which was daily expected from the dull and leaden clouds.

Vangs had walked through the wood which separated his house from the Elliotts' cottage, and found he could get over the ground pretty well by the help of his crutches. Mrs. Elliott was washing, and Hattie engaged in sewing.

Her eyes brightened as Vangs entered.

It was very lonely in their little Staten Island home, especially in Winter, and every visitor was welcome.

"Ha! Hattie!" exclaimed Vangs. "Always at work. You are the most industrious girl I ever saw."

"Poor people must work," she replied, setting aside her needle and cotton, and taking his crutches from him as he sat down.

She placed the supports in a corner, and shut up the door of the stove to make the room warmer.

"What's the good word?" asked Vangs.

"Really, I don't know. We keep our health," replied Hattie.

"Save that I had one of my old chills this morning," exclaimed Mrs. Elliott, turning round from the washtub.

"Is that so, mother?" asked Vangs.

"Yes, and I shook fearful. Ten grains of quinine seemed to stop it a little, though it's made my ears ring as if bells were ringing close by."

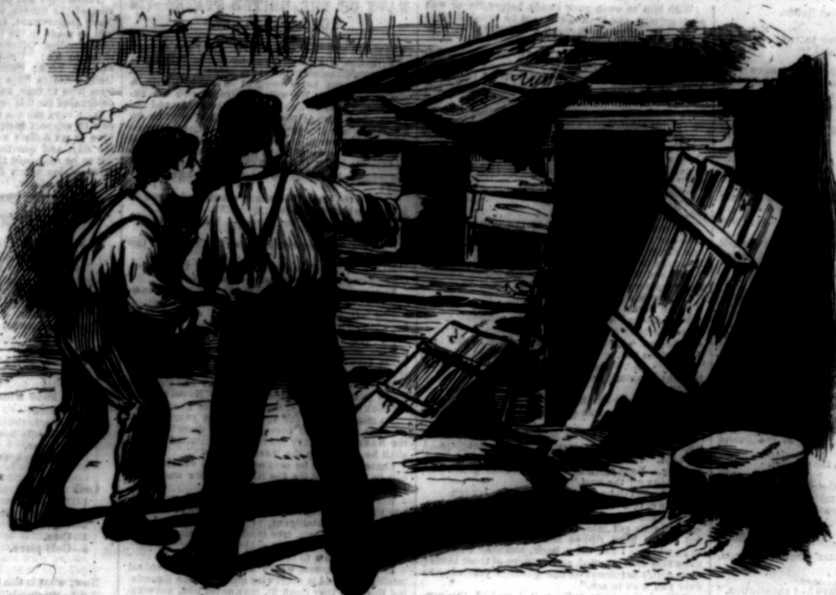
"Too bad! I'd like to have you come and stay with me. You work too hard, and expose yourself too much to the cold air."

"When a certain event takes place, we'll rent the cottage," said Mrs. Elliott, "and I'll come and manage Hattie's home for her."

"So you shall, old woman. I'm not afraid of mothers-in-law."

"Then I'll make you, if you don't behave."

"Oh, I'm a good boy," said Vangs. "But, touching this important event, Miss Hattie seems reluctant to name the happy day."



ROB ROLLALONG, THE RUNAWAY.—"IN THE VERY CENTRE OF THE CLUMP WAS A HOUSE—THAT IS TO SAY, WHAT REMAINED OF A HOUSE. THE ROOF HAD FALLEN IN, AND TREES WERE GROWING IN THE MIDDLE OF IT."

Hattie blushed. She turned away her head in some confusion.

"Come, Hattie," said her mother, "speak up! It's been a settled thing for some time that you're to be Mrs. Vangs. Why don't you fix a day?"

"I've been so happy single, mamma," replied Hattie.

"You'll be doubly so married," said Vangs.

"Of course. Every girl has to get married. What's a girl here on this earth for? Isn't it the first thing and the last they think of? Speak up, Hattie!"

"Do, my darling. Don't be shy with me," exclaimed Vangs.

Hattie's heart beat quickly. "Say New Year's," she cried.

"New Year's be it," cried Vangs.

"That is not long to look forward to," said Mrs. Elliott, "and I'm glad you two have fixed things at last. It's kinder bothered me to see Hattie beating around the bush."

"Well, you see I've been sick, mother," said Vangs.

"That's so."

"We'll have a high old time," continued Vangs, "and I'm sure Hattie and I are just cut out to be happy. She's just the quiet sort of a girl calculated to make a man's home a paradise. Bless you, my darling!"

"Don't spoil her by praising her too much."

"She deserves it all."

Hattie stole round to his side, and he drew her close to him, imprinting a tender kiss on her lips.

There was no doubt that the man, rough, criminal, and brutal as he was, loved the girl to desperation. Hardened natures are very often capable of the very strongest attachments.

"Did I tell you the news?" asked Hattie.

"No, my dear. What is it?" he asked.

She drew a chair near his, and they sat together by the stove.

"Don't be jealous."

"Of what?"

"Rob Rollalong. It is about him my news is."

"I couldn't be jealous of him. He is only a boy, and a bad one at that."

"Oh! I don't think Rob is bad."

"Well, he is where he will be taken care of for some time," said Vangs, smiling with inward satisfaction, as he thought of the school-ship.

"That's where you're wrong."

"How?"

"Rob has escaped."

"Impossible! Who did you hear that from?"

"Hen Arlick, a friend of Rob's, was over here from Amboy this morning."

"How did he hear it?"

"Saw it in the papers. It was headed, 'Daring Escape of Two Boys from the School-ship *Mercury*. Rob Rollalong and Jew Joseph. Recapture this morning of Joseph in the Bowery. Rollalong supposed to have gone to sea.'"

"Devil roast him!" exclaimed Vangs.

"I'm glad he's got away," said Hattie.

"What for?"

"Oh, we are old friends, and he's a cousin of mine. Poor boy! he only took a few cherries, and didn't deserve punishing for that."

"Cherries are property. A boy who will steal a cherry will steal something more valuable when he grows older."

"Well, dear," she said, "if it irritates you we won't talk about him."

"I don't care," he replied.

Nevertheless, he did care, for Rob was his enemy, and he would rather have him under restraint than know he was at large.

It seemed to him as if this escape was the beginning of some bad luck.

"Well, I'm going," he exclaimed.

He was no longer in the humor to talk or make love, and only wanted to go away, be by himself, and commune with his own thoughts.

Vangs had acquired a bad habit of late.

He smoked opium, he drank opium in the shape of laudanum, and he chewed opium in the form of small pills called "hasheesh."

When his uneasy conscience reproached him, when his wounds pained him, and he wanted to seek oblivion, he sought it from opium.

Shutting himself up in his room, he would give way to this enervating and debasing vice, enjoying extraordinary visions, and waking up prostrated, haggard and more careworn than ever.

Hattie noticed this change in him.

She, however, knew nothing of the secret vice, and put down his cadaverous looks to the effects of his illness, thinking that he would soon grow better.

"You're making a short stay," said Mrs. Elliott.

"The wind blows cold, and I can't go very fast through the woods; besides which, I told my housekeeper to cook me a duck at two o'clock. So you see I haven't much time to waste, mother," he answered.

"I thought people in love didn't eat!"

"Oh, well," said Vangs, with an attempt at a laugh, "you see I'm not one of the sentimental sort. I've got to eat."

"Shall I go with you?" asked Hattie.

"If mother can spare you, I'd like to have you come along."

"My good lands, yes!" replied Mrs. Elliott. "Those things she's hemming can wait. Put on your hood, Hattie, and go with him. Hurry back for supper."

Hattie put on her scarlet hood, which made her look infinitely charming and winning, and they started, Vangs hopping slowly over the ground by aid of his crutches, and she helping him with considerate hand over the ditches and inequalities of the woodland.

When they were in the middle of the wood, they heard a peculiar sound of mocking laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!"

Both started.

They stopped.

"What's that?" exclaimed Vangs, nervously. "Is the wood haunted?"

"I think I know," replied Hattie.

"Tell me—quick!"

"Soft Tommy."

"What in thunder is he doing here? I thought he'd quitted his old haunts."

"Ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha!"

Vangs drews his revolver and fired at some bushes from whence the sound came.

"Oh, don't! don't!" said Hattie, as he was about to fire again.

"Why not?"

"You might kill him."

"And if I did?"

"It would be murder," replied Hattie.

"Didn't he lame me for life? What do I care for the half-witted fool? What right has he to come into these woods and laugh at me? Didn't he play ghost in the house I bought, and make every one believe it was haunted?"

"Consider his infirmity."

"Did I make him crazy? No, you are wrong, Hattie. Your tender heart leads you astray. This boy shall not be the torment of my life. I have settled down here, and want to live quietly."

"But if you kill him the law officers will take you away."

"Oh, I only fired to frighten him. See, he is quiet enough now. Gone away, I'll bet!" said Vangs.

"I shan't like you if you are cruel and vindictive."

"Look at my crippled legs. Wouldn't it make any man savage?"

"I admit that," said Hattie; "but remember that to err is human, to forgive divine. How can we expect forgiveness from our Father in Heaven if we do not pardon our enemies their trespasses?"

"That's so, Hattie. I believe you'll make a good man of me some of these days."

"What are you now?"

"Only a rough, dare-devil sailor," replied Vangs.

"Perhaps Heaven has sent you this infliction," said Hattie, "to check your pride and soften your heart."

"Perhaps," said Vangs, reflectively. "I know that on board ship I was a good deal more feared than the Almighty."

"Oh, how shocking!"

"I don't mean anything bad, my dear. I'm going to be good now, for your sake. I'll join your congregation and go to church. I'll say my prayers, darling, if you'll kneel by my side. God couldn't refuse you anything, you're so pure and good."

"Oh, I have my faults. You mustn't think me an angel."

"An angel without wings, that's what you are, and some day you'll have wings and fly away from me," said Vangs. "Why, what faults can a merry little maiden like you have?"

"Oh, I'm lazy at times, I'm uncharitable, covetous, have my proud thoughts, and lots of things. But who made you my father confessor, sir!" she asked, with a bright laugh.

"I wish I'd as easy a mind and conscience as you, my dear," he answered.

"Shall we go on? it's getting dark!" exclaimed Hattie.

"My man Bardes shall go back through the wood with you."

"Oh, I know my way, and am not generally afraid; but to-night——"

She paused abruptly.

A shudder ran through her.

"What, my little baby?" he asked, tenderly patting her velvet cheek.

"I feel terribly oppressed to-day. Why it is, I cannot imagine," she rejoined.

"Well, come along; hurry up. A glass of wine will warm you up and give you courage. That young galoot's gone, and I'm all hunky-dory myself."

"Perhaps——"

Again Hattie hesitated.

"I wish you would speak out, child," he answered, testily. "What's the matter now?"

"Where is Tommy?"

"How should I know? In the first place, we never saw him, and we cannot be sure that it was he who made that infernal laughter, and——"

"Oh, do go and see if—if——"

"If what?"

"If he is hurt. I am afraid that—that he is lying dead inside those bushes."

Vangs turned deadly pale.

His random shot from his powerful Remington revolver might have carried death to Soft Tommy, if the unhappy youth was really concealed beneath the brushwood.

"Shall I go and look?" continued Hattie.

"No, my child. What's the use? I feel sure he's gone away. He's got some hollow tree or cave he lives in," replied Vangs.

"I will, I must, go."

"Surely you will be guided my me sometimes. You are soon to be my wife, and you ought to allow your husband to control you."

"No, no,"

"My baby," said Vangs, peruasively, "come with me."

He grasped her arm, but she broke away from him and ran to the copse, where she had imagined the boy to be concealed.

Vangs smothered a curse between his lips, and hobbled after her on his crutches as quickly as he could. She pushed aside the branches and entered the brushwood, peering here and there, like a person who has lost something and is looking for it.

Suddenly she uttered a cry. It was followed by a piercing shriek.

"Oh, my God!" she exclaimed; "here he is! *He is dead!*"

Vangs joined her, and they both pried into the bush. The bullet sent at random had hit its mark.

It had crashed through the poor, half-witted boy's brain, killing him instantly.

He lay on his back, with his white blood-stained face upturned to the sky.

Vangs was avenged.

He could not repress a smile of satisfaction and triumph, for to kill an enemy was always a veritable triumph to this man.

But in an instant a change came over his features.

He thought of the danger in which he had placed himself, for if the death of the boy was discovered, and the crime traced to him, the jury by which he would have to be tried could do no less than bring in a verdict of murder in the third degree.

This would subject him at the least to a term of four or five years' imprisonment in State Prison.

His fate lay in the hands of Hattie.

Putting his hand on the boy's heart he exclaimed:

"He is dead, as you say. How unfortunate that a shot fired merely to frighten the annoying wretch should have proved fatal!"

"You did not mean to do it?" asked Hattie.

"Is it likely? I have seen the fellow heaps of times since he cut me, and if I'd wanted to kill him I could have done so easily. No, my dear Hattie; do not think so meanly of me."

"Oh, what shall we do?"

"Do? Why, go to my house and forget all about it," replied Vangs.

"Forget?" she repeated. "Ought we not to go and tell the police at Roseville all about it?"

"My child," said Vangs, with a smile, "you are, indeed, a baby."

"How?"

"You profess to love me, and you are about to become my wife. Is it not so?"

"Yes."

"Would you like to expose me to a trial and a possible imprisonment, which you would do by pursuing the course you speak of?"

"Should I?" she asked, innocently.

"Of course you would. Be reasonable. I have accidentally shot this wild boy of the woods, and I am sorry for it. No one knows anything about it but you. My fate is in your hands. If you open your mouth I shall be imprisoned. Tell me, love, you will be silent as the grave."

"Is it not my duty to speak?"

"Ask yourself if it is your duty to send your affianced husband to prison because of a mistake?"

"But you should not have fired."

"We all have our tempers. Did not that boy lying dead there deserve the fate he has met with? Is it not equal justice? He has made me a cripple for life. I didn't intend to hurt him. All my intention was to scare him from troubling me any more."

"You are right," said Hattie, with a sigh. "It is all very unfortunate. I did not think my husband would be a murderer."

"I am not."

"But you have killed a fellow-creature."

"That is not murder."

"Oh, yes, it is. You have taken away a life, and sent a soul into eternity with all his sins upon his head," said Hattie.

"A poor, crazy boy! Hattie, you are foolish!"

"I shall never be happy here again. This spot will be accursed. The woods will be haunted. Oh! take me away—take me away!"

"You will promise to say nothing?"

"Not a word, only take me away," she replied.

"Well, I promise. In a short time I will sell out, and we will go away."

"*Far, far away.*"

"How would you like to go to China and buy a tea-garden?"

"Anywhere—anywhere, so long as it is miles from here," answered Hattie.

"You will still be my wife?" he asked.

"I do not know."

"What!"

"I cannot promise just yet. You must let me get over this shock."

"Oh, Hattie!" said Vangs, whose heart sank within him, "how cruel you are!"

"Perhaps you may kill more men."

He shuddered, for he knew he had killed too many already for his eternal salvation.

"I will never carry firearms again. Say you will not go back on your promise to marry me."

"You must give me time."

"At least, you will not marry any one else."

"That I undertake to say," answered Hattie.

"Swear it by the God who made you, unless released by me from your solemn oath."

"I do," she said.

"That's right, my darling child. I have perfect confidence in you," said Vangs, who was satisfied that the danger was over. "You and I are going hand and hand through life, remember, and it will never do to fall out and misunderstand one another at the first start."

"No," replied Hattie, faintly.

"We must be brave, and thrust in one another. You might have an accident just as I have had."

"Isn't it more manly to face it?"

"Now, see here," said Vangs. "I'm a sailing yacht, we'll say, and the law is a steamer. The steamer is running me down. I keep on my course, but, with you to back me, I'm not afraid. I'll stick to the rule of the road:

"'Meeting steamers do not dread;
When you see their lights ahead,
Port your helm and show your red.'"

THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.—REEFING SAILS.—SEE PAGE 238.

"Is that what you say?" asked Hattie.

"Yes, my dear:

"'Green to green and red to red;
Perfect safety—go ahead.'"

"I suppose you know best, dear," she answered. "It seemed dreadful to me to have the poor boy killed like that, and so suddenly, too—that was all."

"Be guided by me, dear," he said.

"I will, only you must take me away from here. *I could not keep the secret if I staid on Staten Island.*"

Vangs looked grave.

"My darling," he exclaimed, "I will do every thing you wish! Run home now, and I will see you to-morrow."

They separated without a kiss; Hattie did not want it and Vangs did not ask for it.

She went home, burdened with this terrible secret of the dead boy lying in the wood.

He returned to his house to plot and get himself out of the fresh difficulty which his fate had driven him into.

To do this was not so easy as he imagined at first, for he would have to sell his property and go right away.

In his crippled state this was not agreeable.

At last he concluded to sell out, buy a ship, and take Hattie and her mother to a foreign land, where they could begin life without any danger of the officers of the law.

Such is the effect of crime.

Such is the result always of an uneasy conscience.

While he was on his way home he encountered a tall, gaunt-looking man, with a broad-brimmed hat, long dark hair, tinged with gray, tight-fitting clothes, and having a dismal face, which would have suited Don Quixote's Knight of the Rueful Countenance.

Vangs was looking down on the ground.

So was the stranger.

It was not surprising that their heads came violently in contact, and that, in their recoil, they both measured their length on the path.

"Confound your whole structure!" said Vangs, getting up with difficulty. "Why don't you mind where you are going to?"

"I might address the same remark to you, friend," replied the stranger.

"You git out of my way."

"I decline to move until I have had satisfaction."

"What for?"

"The butt on the head you gave me. There, sir, is my card. Take it—read it."

Vangs received a card, which was handed him in a pompous manner. On it was written:

PROFESSOR TODE STOOLE,
A.S.S. MUFF. G.U.Y.,
Special Commissioner of the Philadelphia Society for the Further Propagation and Development of Edible Fungi.

"Well?" ejaculated Vangs.

"Now, sir, you see the sort of a scientist I am. While harmlessly engaged in my avocation in this lonely wood you ran me as with the prow of an ironclad."

"I guess we're both to blame," replied Vangs.

"That's an admission which is tantamount to an apology. I accept your apology, Mr.—a—Mr.——"

"Vangs."

"Thank you. Do you reside near here?"

"I do."

"I'm not a resident of this charming little island," continued the professor, "and when on my travels in the pursuit of science—that is to say, edible fungi—I am in the habit of doing what soldiers do in war-times."

"What is that?"

"Quartering myself on the inhabitants. Vangs," said the professor, with an overwhelming familiarity, "I like you. I will quarter myself on you to-night. You are a hard-headed individual. I have cause to say it. Vangs, I select you out of all Staten Island real estate holders to have the honor of harboring a man of science. You shall be the host of the great Tode Stoole."

Vangs had seen many lands and many people, but he thought he had never met any one who could beat the professor for cool impudence.

However, he was lonely and miserable.

The professor looked like an amusing companion, and he determined to comply with his request and receive him as his guest.

"You've invited yourself," he said, "and——"

"Oh," interrupted the professor, "I am perfectly independent. Our society is rich. I have my expenses paid. I have money, and am overwhelmed with invitations on all sides. Do you decline the honor?"

"I did not say no."

"You had best not. Were you to do so, it would be recorded on the minutes of the society, and go down to posterity, to your eternal disgrace."

"Follow me. I'll be glad to have you come," said Vangs.

A smile of triumph crossed the lean and sunken features of Professor Tode Stoole.

"I am obliged," he said. "But pardon me. I lead; I do not follow."

"Well, if you know where I live better than I do, sail in."

"Who does not know the great and liberal Vangs? Did I not beg a drink of water at your house just now from your housekeeper, and hear all about your vast wealth and many virtues?" replied Tode Stoole.

He waved his hand and walked on.

It may be stated that the professor was a New Jerseyman, who was in the habit of taking country excursions, and getting many a a dinner and night's lodging in this way.

He would call at a likely-looking house, ask for a drink of water from the well, inquire who it belonged to, meet the owner and "bounce" himself into the house as a guest.

Some people said that the S. for the P. and D. of E. F. was a myth, and only existed in the fertile brains of the professor.

But these were probably envious people.

Certain it was the Philadelphians denied all knowledge of such a society.

The professor was, nevertheless, a character, and to a man in Vangs's state of mind he promised to be amusing.

Persons who live in the wilds of Staten Island alone get a little tired of the picturesque sometimes and yearn for company.

They wouldn't be proud if it was only an undertaker that came along.

An invitation to a funeral is an event in those latitudes, and a marriage is an occasion for wild and furious rejoicing.

When they reached the house dinner was ready, and the couple sat down without formalities.

Vangs did not belong to the kid glove and swallow-tail division of society.

With him to wash your hands before dinner was a superfluity; and that hair should be brushed more than once a day he thought a monstrous innovation.

Soup, followed by broiled fowl and mushrooms, made up the bill of fare.

"This is emphatically a repast fit for the President of a National Bank," said the professor. "Mushrooms should be served at each meal. You have no idea, sir, the danger that I encounter in my search for fungi."

"Danger?" repeated Vangs.

"Yes, sir; pass the wine. I will tell you a story. Only a month ago I was in a wood. I sat down under a tree to examine a fungus. I heard a hissing."

"Geese, perhaps?" hazarded Vangs.

"No, sir. Not geese."

"What then?"

"A snake! I had heard of the Staten Island man-eater, which had chased innumerable women and children. I saw him coming toward me; he was fully twenty-four feet long. I raised my gun. I fired and blew his head off with a bullet, without rising from my examination of the fungus."

"Bullet in a shot-gun!"

"One barrel of my gun was rifled, sir."

Vangs began to perceive that the professor could draw the long bow; indeed, in circles where he was known, his friends did not hesitate to call him a notorious liar.

"Oh," said Vangs, "that's nothing of a story to what I can tell you."

"Eh?"

Vangs did not like to be outdone in lying.

He was just the sort of man who hates to be outlied by another.

"The other night," he said, "I heard a sitting goose I had make a terrible noise; burglars, I thought. Three times I went into the yard and saw nothing. Next morning I examined the goose and pulled her off the nest."

"And what did you see?"

"A twenty-five foot snake coiled up under her. He'd swallowed all the twelve eggs she had to sit on, and then got into the nest to digest them. I cut off his head, ripped him open, and found the eggs whole. I put them back, and may I be eternally ram-dam-jammed, sir, if eleven of those twelve eggs didn't hatch out as fine goslings yesterday as ever you wish to see."

"Oh, I can quite believe it," replied the professor. "Those things will happen in the best regulated families, though you must admit that they are a little out of the common."

"Certainly, and so are big mushrooms," continued Vangs. "I saw one in the wood a week ago as big as an umbrella."

"That's nothing," replied Mr. Tode Stoole. "At New Dorp, yesterday, I found one the size of a tent. I cut out enough for a dinner, slept under it during a night's heavy rain, had my breakfast of it, and could have lived on it for a month."

Vangs burst into a loud laugh.

"You'll do," he exclaimed. "I give in."

"Why?"

"You're the champion. I give you the belt. I like a liar, my friend, but by thunder you suit me too well."

"H'm," said the professor. "I know you don't mean to insult me. It's foreign to your nature. Besides, I am sitting at your board, and you could no more insult a guest than I could take offense, though it is the fate of travelers and explorers not to be believed. Did people believe Herodotus, the historian of the Greeks? No. Did they credit Mungo Park or Bruce, who went through Abyssinia? No. Yet their stories are being confirmed every day, and when a history of Staten Island comes to be written, people will believe in my man-eating snake and my New Dorp mushroom."

"I should like to belong to your society, professor," said Vangs.

"You shall. I'll make you president."

"Make me a corresponding member. I'm going to travel."

"Good. The expense will be slight. To you one hundred dollars, to any one else double. You are elected on the spot. Consider it settled. You are a corresponding member of the Philadelphia Society for the Further Propagation and Development of Edible Fungi."

"Thank you."

"Proud position. Don't get up. You can write me a check to-morrow morning. I shall sleep here, of course. Pass the wine. By-the-way, where are you going to travel?"

"Where?"

"Yes. What quarter of the habitable globe are you going to make famous by your discovery of edible fungi?"

"China."

"Take me with you. Consider your fee to the society an equivalent for my passage. I have always longed for a sight of small feet and a taste of birds'-nest soup. Say, is it a bargain?"

Vangs reflected a moment.

"You shall come," he exclaimed. "When will you be ready?"

"To-night. I am always ready."

"But your wardrobe?"

"I carry it on my back, sir. A man devoted to science, like myself, should never be burdened with baggage," replied Professor Tode Stoole.

Vangs went to a side-table and took up a paper to look at the shipping advertisements.

"The *Destiny*," he exclaimed, "sails this day week for Hong Kong. We will go in her. That will give me all the time I want."

He was a man of quick resolve.

What he said he meant.

Professor Tode Stoole remained his guest during the week, and in that time Vangs sold his property, got his money together, bought an outfit for Mrs. Elliott and Hattie, and the four persons embarked on board the ship *Destiny*, which was to sail round Cape Horn to China with a miscellaneous cargo.

The professor was a waif and a stray, getting his living in a precarious manner, and being about as much of a naturalist as a cat, though he knew a mushroom from a toad-stool, and had some little knowledge of fungi.

Mrs. Elliott did not care where she went, so long as she went with Hattie.

The latter was rejoiced to get away from Staten Island, for the thought of the poor pale face of the murdered boy lying dead in the wood, not even having Christian burial.

Vangs wanted change.

His mind was tortured with unrest, and the more opium he indulged in the worse he got.

So a sea voyage to a distant land was an agreeable event for all of them.

They sailed only a fortnight after Rob and Kedge, and their ship followed on the same track.

[To be continued.]

"Rob Rollalong" was commenced in No. [illegible]

## NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES—ITS ORGANIZATION.

(Continued.)

WE will end this brief description of the organization of a man-of-war by saying that there is no republicanism in the navy. One sees and feels it the moment he is brought in contact with a superior officer. He will be struck with the authoritative tone of one class and the ready and implicit obedience of the other. There must be no hesitation nor stopping to inquire about expediency; whatever is ordered must be done, even if the order comes from a piping schoolboy or a Middy. It is told of an old Commodore that while lecturing a Middy on the subject of obedience he said:

"Sir, if the First Lieutenant should order you to jump overboard, you must do so."

The Middy rose, and directed his steps to the cabin-door.

"Where are you bound to, sir?" exclaimed the Commodore.

"Commodore," respectfully replied the reefer, "I'm going to take swimming lessons."

There was a laugh; the Middy was not quarantined.

The last circular relating to the enlistment of boys in the Naval Service was approved May 12th, 1879. It is to the effect:

Boys between the ages of fifteen and eighteen years may be enlisted to serve in the Navy until they shall arrive at the age of twenty-one, etc.

Minors between the ages of fifteen and eighteen years shall not be enlisted for the Naval Service without the consent of their parents or guardians.

No minor under the age of fifteen years, no insane or intoxicated person, and no deserter from the Naval or Military Service of the United States, shall be enlisted in the Naval Service.

These boys will be sent on board of suitable vessels to be trained for the Naval Service under the following regulations:

Every boy, previous to being enlisted, must satisfy the Examining Board of Officers that he is of robust frame, intelligent, of perfectly sound and healthy constitution, free from any physical defects or malformation, and not subject to fits.

That he is able to read and write.

In special cases, where a boy shows a general intelligence, and is otherwise qualified, the Examining Board, if they think fit, may enlist him, notwithstanding his knowledge of reading and writing is imperfect.

That his height and measure is sufficient, being as follows:

| *Age.* | *Height.* | *Weight.* | *Chest Measurement, Breathing Naturally.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 15 years | 4ft. 11in. | 85 pounds | 27½in. |
| 16 years | 5ft. 1in. | 90 pounds | 28in. |
| 17 years | 5ft. 2in. | 100 pounds | 29in. |
| 18 years | 5ft. 3in. | 110 pounds | 30in. |

Each boy, upon presenting himself for enlistment, must be accompanied by his father, or by his mother in case the father be deceased, or by his legally appointed guardian in case he has no father or mother, their signatures being required on the Shipping Articles to perfect the enlistment.

The parent or guardian, however, who by reasons of distance, infirmity or other causes, cannot accompany the son or ward to the place of enlistment, will be furnished, on written application to the Commanding Officer of either of the training-ships or other vessels upon which enlistments are made, with duplicates of a printed form of declaration, oath, etc., by which the enlistment will be perfected, should the boy be accepted by the Board of Examining Officers.

All expenses of travel must be paid by the candidates, whether accepted or not.

The Board of Examining Officers will consist of the Captain, a Line Officer and the Senior Medical Officer of the vessel.

If the Examining Officers are of the opinion that the boy is in every respect fit for the service, the engagement to serve continuously in the service until twenty-one years of age is to be read and explained to him, and if he voluntarily agrees to its terms, he is then, in the presence of a witness, to sign the agreement and be enlisted.

The Examining Officers will fill up the form and certificate attached to the engagement, and transmit it to the Department.

The education of the boys will comprise the elements of an ordinary English education, alternating with practical seamanship and other professional occupations designed to prepare them for sailors in the Navy.

The prime object is to place in the Naval Service, with the consent of their parents, such good and deserving boys as will elevate its standard, and make the Navy more reliable as an arm of the national defense. Boys who have been convicted of crime cannot, therefore, be received, as it is not advisable that they should become the associates of the better class.

The boys will be enlisted as third class boys, at the rate of $9.50 per month and one ration. While serving on the training-ships they may, if deserving, be promoted to the rating of second or first class boys, at the pay of $10.50 and $11.50 per month, respectively, and on cruising vessels will be entitled to higher ratings, at the discretion of their Commanding Officers, as a reward of proficiency and good conduct.

They will be furnished an outfit of clothing, the cost of which will be charged to their respective accounts, or the parents may purchase the necessary outfit from the Paymaster of the ship themselves, and give to their sons.

Boys enlisted to serve till twenty-one years of age will not be permitted to allot any part of their pay to parents or guardians, nor will they be allowed to draw any money from the Paymaster for this purpose.

They will be allowed to draw monthly, from the Paymaster of the ship, one dollar for pocket-money, if out of debt, and will be allowed liberty to go ashore, at the discretion of the Commanding Officer.

They will be transferred to sea-going vessels as they become proficient, accompanied by the certificate of their Commanding Officer as to their conduct and qualifications.

If recommended for honorable discharge upon the expiration of their enlistments they will receive continuous service certificates, which will entitle them to three months' extra pay of their rating when discharged, and to the addition of one dollar per month to their pay, provided they re-enlist under such certificates for three years within three months from the dates thereof.

Boys will not be discharged from the Service until they have reached twenty-one years of age, except upon a medical survey, inaptitude for the Service, or for misconduct. Those injured in the Service, or having contracted a disease in the line of duty, will be entitled to the benefit of a pension.

These boys will be under the immediate supervision of the Bureau of Equipments and Recruiting, Navy Department, and applications for enlistment will be made to the Chief of that Bureau, or to the Commanding Officers of the following training-ships, to wit: United States Steamer *Minnesota*, at New York; United States Ship *Saratoga*, and United States Ship *Portsmouth*, where stationed from time to time, and such other vessels as may be designated for this service.

Why boys are not permitted to allot part of their pay to support their parents is incomprehensible. Five or six dollars would pay their monthly rent in the city, and quarterly rent in the country. It is not to be supposed that boys of means would enlist in a service which debars him from rising to the rank of an officer.

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## SECOND SIGHT,

### AS PRACTICED BY ROBERT HELLER EXPLAINED.

SIXTH SET.

Can you see this?

1—Knife.
2—Scissors.
3—Pin.
4—Needle.
5—Cushion.
6—Toothpick.
7—Comb.
8—Brush.
9—Thimble.
10—Looking-glass.

SEVENTH SET.

Do you know what this is?

1—Book.
2—Pocketbook.
3—Needle-book.
4—Paper.
5—Newspaper.
6—Pamphlet.
7—Programme.
8—Bill.
9—Letter.
10—Envelope.

EIGHTH SET.

Look at this!

1—Bank-bill.
2—Treasury note.
3—Currency.
4—Coin.
5—Gold-piece.
6—Piece of money.
7—Bank check.
8—Bond.
9—Silver dollar.
10—Postage stamp.

NINTH SET.

Now, what is this?

1—Stick.
2—Whip.
3—Parasol.
4—Umbrella.
5—Umbrella-cover.
6—Picture.
7—Shoe.
8—Boot.
9—Button.
10—Stud.

TENTH SET.

Tell me this!

1—Earring.
2—Locket.
3—Sleeve-button.
4—Hair-pin.
5—Clothes-pin.
6—Fork.
7—Spoon.
8—Armlet.
9—Ornament.
10—Check.

ELEVENTH SET.

I want to know this?

1—Apple.
2—Nut.
3—Cake.
4—Orange.
5—Lemon.
6—Candy.
7—Popcorn.
8—Lozenge.
9—Grain.
10—Wax.

TWELFTH SET.

Pray what is this?

1—Screw.
2—Hinge.
3—Tool.
4—Nail.
5—Tack.
6—Knob.
7—Rule.
8—Lock.
9—Buckle.
10—Key.

THIRTEENTH SET.

You know what this is!

1—Shot.
2—Powder.
3—Bullet.
4—Gun.
5—Pistol.
6—Percussion cap.
7—Cartridge.
8—Surgical instrument.
9—Musical instrument.
10—Tuning fork.

FOURTEENTH SET.

Quick! This article.

1—Bouquet.
2—Bouquet-holder.
3—Flower.
4—Wreath.
5—Leaf.
6—Toy.
7—Flag.
8—Bottle.
9—Game.
10—Doll.

FIFTEENTH SET.

Name this article.

1—Pen.
2—Pen-holder.
3—Pencil.
4—Eraser.
5—Rubber.
6—Case.
7—Spool.
8—Soap.
9—Perfumery.
10—Cup.

SIXTEENTH SET.

Say, what is this?

1—Card.
2—Card-case.
3—Playing-card.
4—Button-hook.
5—Key-ring.
6—Bunch keys.
7—Tablet.
8—Cord.
9—Tweezers.
10—Cork.

SEVENTEENTH SET.

This article?

1—Bible.
2—Testament.
3—Tract.
4—Book-mark.
5—Prayer-book.
6—Hymn-book.
7—Music.
8—Smelling-bottle.
9—Vinaigrette.
10—Strap.

EIGHTEENTH SET.

Playing-cards.

1—Diamonds.
2—Hearts.
"Rozet"—Ace.
"That's right"—King.
3—Clubs.
4—Spades.
"Good"—Queen.
"Very good"—Jack.

NINETEENTH SET.

Devices.

1—Masonic.
2—Odd Fellows.
3—K. of P.
4—Druids.
5—Musical.

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## OVER NIAGARA FALLS IN A SAILBOAT.

(Continued from page [illegible].)

its mouth was attracted by the light laughter that came up from the boat, and paused a few moments, looking steadily in that direction. Whether the young man at the oars was at that moment too much engaged in looking into the pretty face directly in front of him or not, it is impossible to say, but the old gentleman remarked that he was very unskillful in his management of the boat.

While the old gentleman was looking, the boat, floating with the current, though little impelled by the oars, passed out into the Niagara.

Now, at this point, less than three miles from the cataract, it is possible to row across the river. Not only is it possible, but, as a matter of constant occurrence, it is considered comparatively safe. But in crossing from the American side, leaving the pier near the Erie depot, it is necessary to row up the river as far as the end of Grass Island, and then cross, still pulling diagonally up the stream, and bending to the work for dear life when in the dark-looking waters pointed out from the shore as the channel of the current.

On the other hand, rowing from the Canada shore, you still pull a long way up the stream before you venture to diagonalize across.

Down below the mouth of Chippewa Creek, some twenty rods away, there is a "river fence," beyond which the current sets with fearful force toward the rapids.

The old gentleman watched the boat moving along in a direction diagonally down the stream and heading for outside of "the river fence." He tottered back and caught at the railing of the bridge for support, his face grew deathly pale and he trembled like an aspen leaf. A little child crossed the bridge and he looked at him curiously. Then an old woman followed, and he asked each of them if they knew who was in the boat that was going to go over the Falls.

The woman looked scared, as though she thought he was crazed. The child ran away crying. This man was one of three who saw the boat after it left Chippewa, and while it still retained its form.

As the water fence was passed, and the current was bearing them along swiftly, specks of froth dotted the water. The girl looked from these beyond, and caught a glimpse of the white foam and mist thrown now and again high in the air along the crest of the first rapids. She uttered a cry and pointed in the direction of the first line of descent above Goat Island. Her lover looked over his shoulder, and an expression of horror must have settled upon his face. There was, doubtless, none of the bright color in the girl's cheeks that had made her the admiration of the rustics in the village she was leaving behind only a short half-hour before.

Her lover grasped one of the oars with frantic haste, and with both hands he thought to turn the boat in the middle of that current running like a mill-race. He looked then, apparently, for the other oar—looked in the bottom of the boat and on every side frantically. He had lost the oar in the moment of his first appalling horror. He had dropped one oar in the water, and it was carried away in a second beyond sight and beyond sound, down in the depths of the foaming abyss of the rapids now yawning beneath them.

The boat darted down the first crest of rocks, the stern swinging about; a moment she was lost to view, and then came swinging on, seeming to point toward Cedar Island. Then she rose on the point of a great foam-covered rock and darted down bow foremost, as though steered by invisible hands.

From the new tower the poor wretches, who had gone so gayly forth in the frail cockleshell, were seen clinging to each other in the bottom of the boat. Then a cloud of mist and spray vailed the whole from sight, and for an instant only, just under the arch of the Rainbow over the cleft of the Horseshoe Fall, the end of the boat protruded from the foam and mist; another instant, for the space of the lightning's flash, two black fragments of the breaking boat were seen, and that was all. The waters hid all else, and have continued to hide all, save a few fragments of the boat, which were washed ashore beneath the cataract.

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## COTTON MANUFACTURE.

### CALICO-PRINTING.

AT Bamber-bridge, England, about the year 1763, the art and mystery of calico-printing in Lancashire was first attempted by the Claytons. Near Knuydon-brook, about two miles east of Blackburn, there lived a tall, robust man, whose ordinary dress was a woolen apron, a calf-skin waistcoat, and wooden-soled clogs, and whose grizzly hair was of a reddish color; he owned forty acres of poor grass-land, and three of his sons worked each at a loom in the dwelling-house. About 1765, one of these sons chanced to spoil in the weaving a piece of cloth made of linen and thread; it was therefore unsalable, and the father took the spoiled cloth to the Claytons, at Bamber-bridge, requesting to have it printed of a pattern for kerchiefs; which was done, and the articles were worn by the family. The high price charged for printing this piece of cloth induced the owner to attempt the art himself, which he did in a secret apartment of his house at Peel Fold, the name of the above-mentioned forty acres of grass-land. The experimenter was Robert Peel, father of the first Sir Robert Peel, the great calico-printer of Bury, in Lancashire, and of Fazely, in Staffordshire.

The first successful experiment was a "Parsley-leaf," which Peel engraved upon a pewter plate and transferred in color to a piece of cloth; and, as this experiment was made in the absence of Peel's family, Mrs. Milton, a next door neighbor, performed the calendering process with a flat smoothing-iron. It was requisite that, in addition to a sharply-defined, vivid impression of the pattern, the mordent should so bite-in the colors that they should resist the dissolving action of soap and water. In this, too, the experiment succeeded to admiration; and "Parsley Peel," as he was afterward called, exclaimed, with a shout of exclamation, that he was "a made man." The women of the family ironed the pieces of cloth in the secret room, to prevent prying neighbors seeing what they did. But this Robert Peel did more: he was the first person to supersede the hand-carding of cotton-wool; and this he did by using the cards, one fixed in a block of wood, and the other slung from hooks fixed in a beam, where they remained in the kitchen-beams at Peel Fold in 1850. Peel's carding-machines were broken by a mob of persons who came from Blackburn to Peel Fold for that purpose; and they afterwards destroyed his works at Althain. Peel was at length driven out of the county by the violence of his neighbors, and took refuge at Burton-on-Trent, in Staffordshire. The son of this humble inventor, the first Sir Robert Peel, established his print-works at Bury; and in the neighborhood was born his son, the great statesman, Sir Robert Peel, whose statue has been set up in the market-place of the town of Bury.

England soon became famous for its cotton-mills, or print-works, where these cotton goods were turned out, and we, with other nations, imported great quantities, although most of the cotton was raised in this country. Gradually, however, cotton-mills were established in New England, and other parts of this country, which rivaled the English works in the beauty of the designs and the cheapness of the goods. American inventions aided much in this. The cotton-gin did away with the tedious process of separating the seed from the cotton, and numerous inventors cheapened the production of printed calicoes.

## THE ROUND TABLE.

## PRIZES.

### To be Read by all who Send Answers.

FOR A COMPLETE SET OF ANSWERS TO ALL THE ENIGMAS, ETC., IN THIS NUMBER.

| | |
|---|---|
| For the best and earliest, due allowance being made for the distance of each competitor | $5.00 |
| For the next best | 2.50 |
| For the third in merit and promptness | 1.00 |

N. B.—There is no prize offered for an answer to only one puzzle or riddle. The answers must be to ALL. Competitors in all parts of the country have an equal chance.

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 677.

1. Piano Stool—PariS, InleT, AdO, NegrO, OpaL. 2. Prize, Rice, Ice. 3. Hand-cuffs. 4. Quotient, Unbinder, Obituary, Titan-mob, Inundate, Edam-Abel, Nero-Tell, Try bells. 5. T, Ten, Orris, Trim-gnu, Termagant, Niggard, Snarl, Und, T. 6. Foals, Oriop, Alone, Longe, Speed. 7. Bull-rush. 8. Cl(e)an, Re(v)el, Jo(u)st, Ca(n)to, Pe(t)er, So(l)on. 9. Drum. 10. Love-letter.

### WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 677.

1.—M. G. Porter, Main Street, Charlestown, Mass.

2.—T. Gerard, Baltimore, Md.

3. Louis Gascoigne, 82 First Street, Detroit, Mich.

### ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

#### 1.—Enigma.

No doubt each day I'm seen by you,
A common thing I ween.
But what is strange and also true,
By man 'twas never seen.

For me he seeks, for years has sought,
On sea as well as land,
And while he may discover naught,
May have me in his hand.

While he so many journeys makes
He knows not how I look,
And yet when he a measure takes,
May write me in his book.

But should he go to take a ride
Behind a double team,
I always lead, but do not guide,
However strange 't may seem.

#### 2.—Charade.

Nine and something make my first
(A trap for wild beasts when reversed).
My second, busy as the busy bee
(Transposed, 'tis only bark you see).
No one is third my third to read
(Transposed, a package large indeed).

With this preamble, which it just occurred
Would make it easier to find the word,
I now proceed:

The landlord said the house was whole;
He was not third a flaw to see.
First had been working like the second
To make the villa worthy me.

#### 3.—Charade.

"All change here for Brighton—Brighton!"
What a noise those porters make!
What a hideous bell to frighten,
And to make the nervous quake!

All the second whirling, whirling,
Gloomy tunnels frowning dark.
Smoky wreaths are round us curling,
Brightened here by glittering spark.

Firsts and hedges rolling—rolling.
So it seems to us who ride;
Now we're stopping, bells are tolling,
Heads at every carriage side.

Once more onward rushing—rushing.
Such a squeeze on every seat,
All the fat old parties crushing,
Treading on each other's feet.

Engine whistles, shrieking—shrieking.
Warning us that off we go,
Wheels and hinges loudly creaking,
Porters running to and fro.

#### 4.—Charade.

In Summer, after heavy thunder show'r
My brilliant first o'erspans the rain-dimmed sky;
Unwelcome visitor my second is,
And causes nights of wakeful agony.

Within the icy circle of my whole
The Northern Lights gleam o'er the frozen wave;
There lies, brave martyr unto Science' cause,
Intrepid Franklin in a nameless grave.

#### 5.—Square Words.

Come, friends, attention: now if ever you
Have listened to a choir and heard their song,
The first, no doubt, you've heard, and second too,
For both are terms in music, it is true,
And both to naught but music do belong.

If you have rambled on a lovely night,
A third, young friends, you certainly have seen—
Yes, overhead you've seen it shining bright;
But now, to bring the fourth and last to light,
After a thrashing backs quite fourth have been.

#### 6.—Double Acrostic.

In times remote, with glory we have shone,
And e'en to-day, to man we still are known.

1. A flower whose beauty ever strikes the eye,
Yet odor sweet one seldom can descry.
2. Beware this man, lest harm he brings to you,
For plots and schemes, we know not what he'll do.
3. Nature I love, and seek her well to know,
And all her wondrous works I strive to show.
4. Without this now, all trade would slowly move,
For speed and safety do its value prove.

#### 7.—Diamond Puzzle.

A letter; a gentle blow; a stop; calm; a stream of water; a pronoun; a letter.

#### 8.—Heads and Tails.

My whole is less than suits you well;
By it curtailed the hypocrite you tell;
Beheaded tho' to view I will express;
Sans head and tail I fluids hold, no less.
And head and tail a street will bring to mind,
Or in it one of sanctity you find.

#### 9.—Charade.

My first is a kind of a deer;
My next is an animal, too;
My whole is a species of goods
Of service to both me and you.

#### 10.—Central Deletions.

Delete a country and find maiden's task of old;
A Christian name, and see holy mount of old;
Theatric ruler and get where coursers feed;
Existed, and find he told untruths indeed.

## FUN FOR THE BOYS.

Men and women are much alike. The one takes to the beer glass, the other to the pier glass.

Many girls would rather wear their stockings with holes in than to have them darned, because when darned they are mended, and girls prefer men alive.

Little Girl, to juvenile neighbor: "My father has family prayers every morning. Does yours?" "No, indeed (indignantly); my father is a Democrat!"

Mrs. Smithers has a great idea of her husband's military prowess. "For two years," she says, "he was a lieutenant in the horse marines, after which he was promoted to a captaincy in a regular company of sapheads and minors."

"Charles, are you not going to bid good-by to your sisters?" "If they love me less, mamma; if their affections were less sincere and unconventional. But I must positively put my foot down once for all. I cannot be rumpled!"

They stood all alone and 'twas late,
And deep shadows were cast, by the gate,
When her very bad brother, the scamp,
Climbed the post, and lighted the lamp,
And the meeting adjourned without date.

"Well, my boy," said a father to his eight-year old son the other night, "what have you done to-day that may be set down as a good deed?" "I gave a poor boy a penny," replied young hopeful. "Ah, ah, that was a charity, and charity is always right. He was an orphan boy, was he?" "I didn't stop to ask," replied the son; "I gave him a penny for licking a boy who called me names."

"How did you like the hymns?" asked Charles of his city cousin as they left the church on Sunday. "One of them was just splendid," replied she, with enthusiasm. "Ah, which one?" "The one in the next pew with black, curly hair, and such killing black eyes. Oh, I think he was the most fascinating 'him' of all." Charlie became too much confused to pursue the conversation any further.

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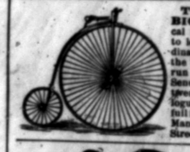

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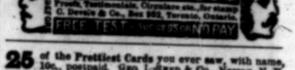
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## OVER NIAGARA FALLS IN A SAILBOAT.

THE "Royal British-American Hotel," in the poor, struggling hamlet of Chippewa, Canada, is a sad-looking structure, long and low and dirty-white in color and broken down about the eaves, with a sort of apologetic angle and a general expression of self-abasement. The landlord of this hotel was standing in the doorway, a little after five o'clock one evening, when he observed a group of persons chatting gayly, approaching from the river road. They were three. The first, a young gentleman of about twenty-two years of age, beardless, and with an open, boyish face, carried a heavy valise. By his side was a very pretty young girl of apparently eighteen, fashionably dressed, and attended by a little fellow of ten or a dozen years, who brought up the rear.

The trio drew near the door and saluted the landlord, smilingly. The latter bowed politely, and stepping back, threw open the door of the little public parlor, on the left of the hall as you enter. The young gentleman wanted rooms for himself, for the young lady and the little fellow, the lady's brother, and they all wanted a nice supper. Then he asked if there was a jeweler in the place, and was directed to a little shop near by, kept by a German. He ran over there to get his watch—an American lever in a fine gold case—repaired, and, before he came away, bought a set of jewelry, consisting of earrings, brooch, etc., for the young lady whom he had left at the inn. The jeweler took the number of the watch to be repaired, and asked the name of his patron. The young man answered that his name was McCormick, and afterward in conversation stated that he had lived in Detroit.

Returning to the hotel, the young man soon presented himself before the proprietor, with the girl on his arm and the little fellow at his side, and asked for a boat, as they wanted a row on the river. The landlord at once explained the danger of attempting the passage of the river, and told them finally that he would let them have a boat only on condition of a promise that they would confine themselves to the waters of the Chippewa Creek, a deep but sluggish stream, which here empties into the Niagara.

They all promised readily and rowed merrily up the creek. Near the distillery—less than half a mile above the village—they were seen "rocking" the boat after a most reckless fashion, and amid peals of laughter. A boatman near the shore saw that in their excitement they did not notice that the boat was rapidly filling, and that if they continued their sport it would soon sink. He rowed out to them, showed them their danger, and assisted to bail out the boat. They returned to the hotel delighted, and the young gentleman drew a large roll of crisp new bank-notes, wrapped up in a piece of newspaper, from the hip or "pistol" pocket of his pantaloons, and handed an amount something in excess of what he owed, saying, carelessly:

"We shall stay several days. When that is used up I will pay you more."

Several persons saw the money then in possession of this gentleman, and one note was noticed as of the denomination of $100. The entire amount has been variously estimated at from $200 to $1,500.

Before retiring on Thursday night the young gentleman asked where he should apply for a marriage-license. He was informed that he would have to go to Welland, the county seat, in order to obtain one. He then made arrangements for a horse and buggy, with which to ride over on the morrow.

Before noon he started, accompanied by the young girl, whose little brother was left behind. During the absence of the lovers the landlord at intervals chatted with the child.

"Is that pretty lady your sister?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"Where do you live when at home?"

"At Toronto."

"And where does the young gentleman live?"

"He lives in the States, sir; but he used to live in Toronto. He lived there a little while."

"And so they are going to be married?"

"Yes, sir."

This was in the morning. In the afternoon the lovers returned, their faces radiant.

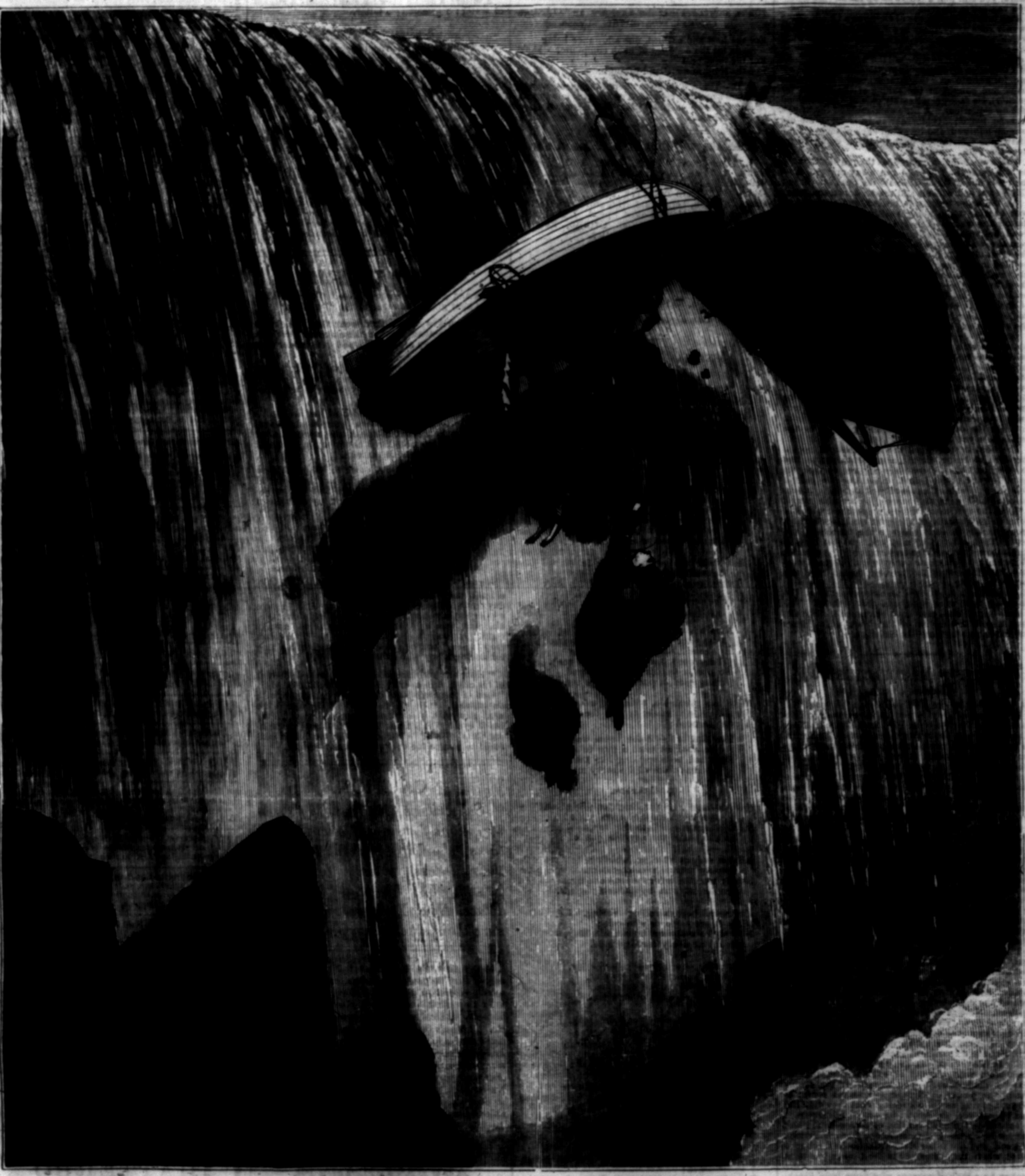
"Can you give us a cold lunch, landlord, and what shall I pay you for the horse?"

"The horse will be three dollars, sir," and the landlord brought out a lunch of cold meat, bread, cheese, ale and milk.

The three sat down; they ate but little meat, drank freely of the milk, and left the ale untouched. After the lunch they all whispered together and laughed merrily, and soon after they left the hotel and walked down to the creek.

One of the villagers noticed, as they passed out from under the shadow of the inn, with its eaves, as humble as Uriah Heep, glinting in the sunshine, a black cloud suddenly obscured the sun, and they seemed to walk as if under a dark canopy. When they obtained a boat, however, this time free to go where they pleased, and under no restricting promise to the landlord, they turned its prow down the stream, and the sun came out from behind the cloud and lighted up the waters, and threw a glory about the fair girl in the stern of the boat and dazed the eyes of the boy in the bow.

An old gentleman who was passing over the bridge that spans the creek a short distance from



OVER NIAGARA FALLS IN A SAILBOAT—THREE LIVES LOST.

(Continued on page 228.)